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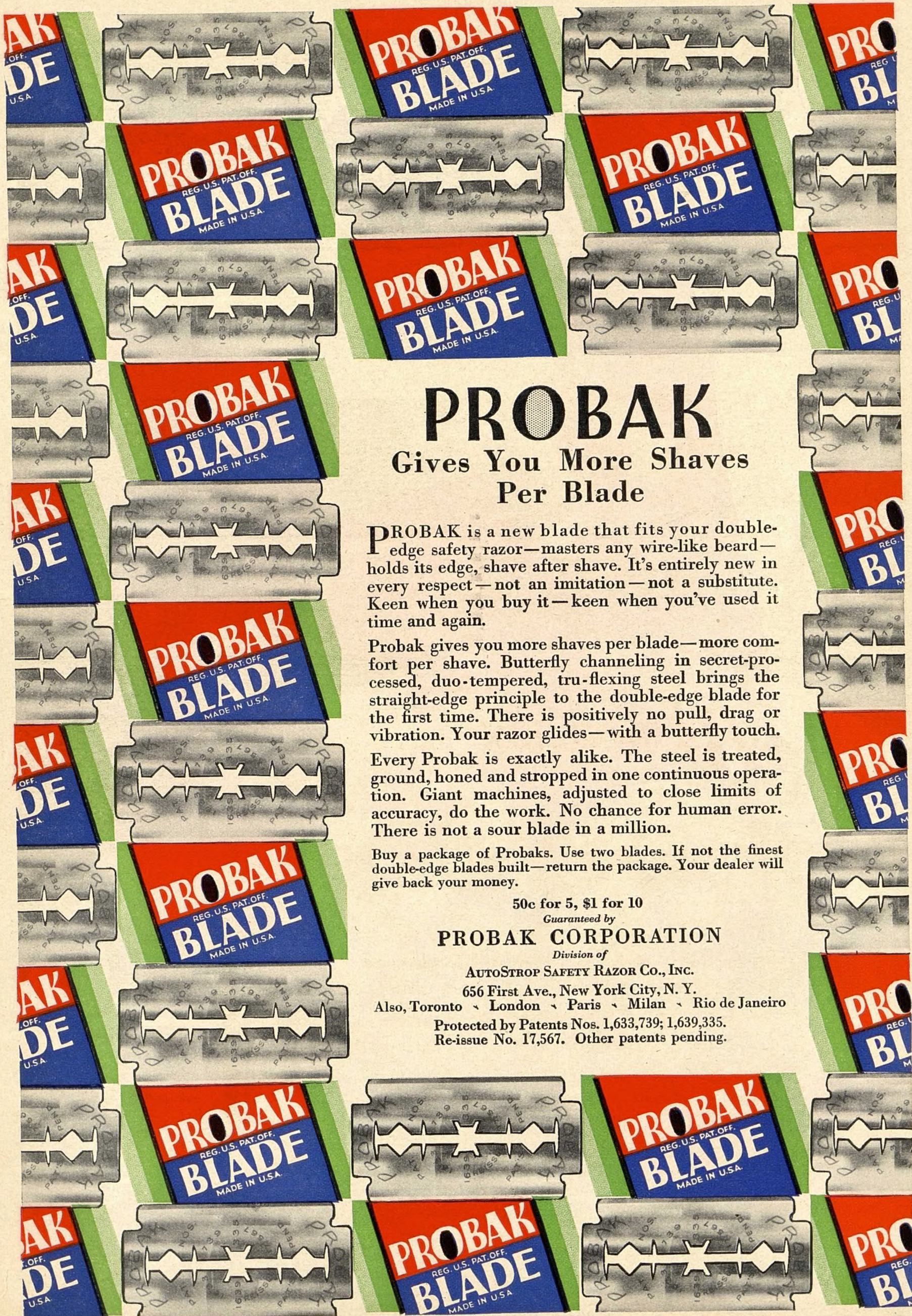
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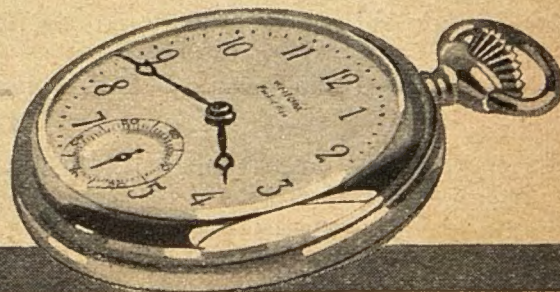
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MARCH 15,
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Vol. 7
No. 11

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:

247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.

Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

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Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE LONDON CONFERENCE

At this writing enough words have been printed about the London naval conference to reach four times around the world in the smallest known type. But it is very hard to tell what has been happening.

About all that has come to light in the first three weeks of talk since the conference assembled is the fact that the representatives of Great Britain and the United States are inclined to favor the abolition of submarines, that those of France, Italy, and Japan are for retaining them, and that a compromise is likely to be effected so that in the next war submarines will act in a humane manner.

To be sure, the Kellogg pact, recently signed by all parties, will prevent the next war, but nevertheless it seems now agreed that in this next war submarines will act in a humane fashion.

Well, a humane submarine seems to us a good deal like a refined dum dum bullet or a kindly bomb.

However, a brief analysis of what navies the powers now possess throws a lot of light on this business of submarines and submarine policies.

France now leads in the possession of modern submarines with approximately 93,000 tons. Japan is second with 77,000 tons. Great Britain and the United States rank third and fourth with 68,000 tons apiece.

In surface ships, on the other hand, the United States and Great Britain lead with approximately 1,230,000 tons apiece. Japan has 775,000 tons and France 585,000.

Consequently, when the United States and Great Britain suggest that France and Japan give up submarines on the ground of humanity, the thought occurs that if they consented it would mean that our navy and that of Great Britain would be not only supreme but undisputed on the sea. If we can put into effect a policy outlawing submarines it will strengthen our dominance

and that of Great Britain, because there will be no sea menace from small nations with submarines.

So it is natural for us to say the submarine is terrible and for France and Japan to maintain that it can be perfectly humane.

The outcome probably will be that France and Japan will stick to their submarines. This will make our surface supremacy a little less certain, and will make it necessary for us to increase our submarine tonnage somewhat.

In the background of any naval discussion there is always, of course, the uncertain question of the air. No convincing proof has yet been given as to whether aircraft can make surface craft useless as war weapons.

To revert to our text as to humanity in war and the weapons employed in war, there has always been a tremendous protest against the introduction of new ways of fighting.

The knights in armor protested vigorously against the introduction of gunpowder, which rendered them vulnerable to the attacks of base churls, and anyone found with a gun in his hand was summarily executed as a cruel savage. So it has always been.

Now, as to this matter of the atrocity or humanity of the submarine, it seems the French have agreed not to use it in an atrocious way—i. e., they won't sink merchant ships without warning.

The rules as to what is "humane" in war have usually been framed by civilians to the effect that civilians must not be hurt but soldiers may be. That was all right when wars were fought by professional soldiers, but now they are fought by entire nations.

If it is an atrocity to sink an unarmed ship, is it not also an atrocity to bomb an unarmed town? But if we know that the unarmed town is engaged in producing munitions and clothes and canning food for soldiers at the front—what then?

It has always been considered an atrocity to kill women in war. But in the last war to a considerable extent women contributed to the principal operations. They worked on munitions, replaced soldiers at base depots as telephonists, messengers, and chauffeurs, and in many other ways released men for the front. They will do more of this in the next war.

As to children, well, the number of children on merchant vessels in any war area is going to be so small that rules ought not to be made for them especially.

The concluding thought on all this is that the London conference will probably do little to alter the status quo and that the nations will continue to arm themselves in accordance with their wealth and their needs.

We have said before and we still maintain that the delegates from the United States—Messrs. Stimson, Reed, Robinson, Dawes, Morrow, Adams, and Gibson—are a pretty good bunch of hard-headed Yankees. We don't think they are going to be bamboozled, and we do think they will come back with what they went after: namely, parity with Great Britain.

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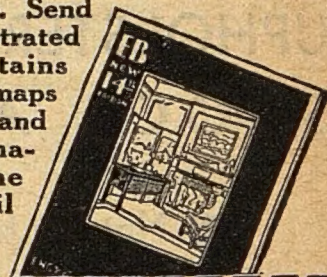
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Fare East

A Story of Gold and a Girl

By

GERALD MYGATT



who was born in New York City but has lived all over the United States with a decided preference for the West. He began his writing as a newspaper man and has kept at it, with time taken out for artillery service during the war.

Pictures by W. F. SOARE

She was stuck there until she could dig her way out by her own earning power.

country of bald precipices and naked valleys, of range upon craggy range, lifeless skeletons of red and purple rock, the birth-pain relics of a once molten world.

Penelope hated it. And she hated it the worse because there wasn't a soul in whom she could confide; not a living soul this side of the beloved delta land, where friendly brown waters ran out unhindered to play with the sparkling sea; where the sun beamed warm and the fragrant grass smelled cool and where a crisp organdie dress with high-heeled slippers to match was not a museum piece to be fingered in astonishment by women who had seen the like of it only in magazine pictures.

Of course, Penelope knew she wasn't really being fair to the Jupiter country. In plain English she was stuck there, stuck until she could dig her way out by her own earning power, and being stuck anywhere on those terms is no great fun. From almost the day of her arrival she had been figuring it cannily, marking off the days one by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THEY had told Penelope she would come to love the mountains. They had told her a lie.

Even after a year of them the heights still oppressed her, stark walls imprisoning her in. On the way out from New Orleans she had pictured the desert as a place that would be sandy and pleasantly flat, a sort of calm waterless sea, basking in a warmth of comforting sunlight. Now she knew better. Jupiter Gulch was desert, certainly enough, but a desert upended and tilted and smashed into a jagged nightmare country of nine-thousand-foot peaks and raw twisted cañons, a cold windy

FARE EAST
[Continued from page seven]

one on the life-insurance calendar that adorned her bedroom wall.

Already she had saved one hundred and twenty-seven dollars, and put back of her three hundred and eighty-four Jupiter days. By the end of another year, with no heavy winter clothes to buy this time, she ought to have the full three hundred dollars she had promised herself. That would take her east to Chicago and put her through stenography and bookkeeping. After that the world might come at her on any terms. It would be her own sort of world, a city world, and she would know how to handle it. Sooner or later, somehow, she was going to New Orleans with a trunkful of Fifth Avenue clothes and her head held high.

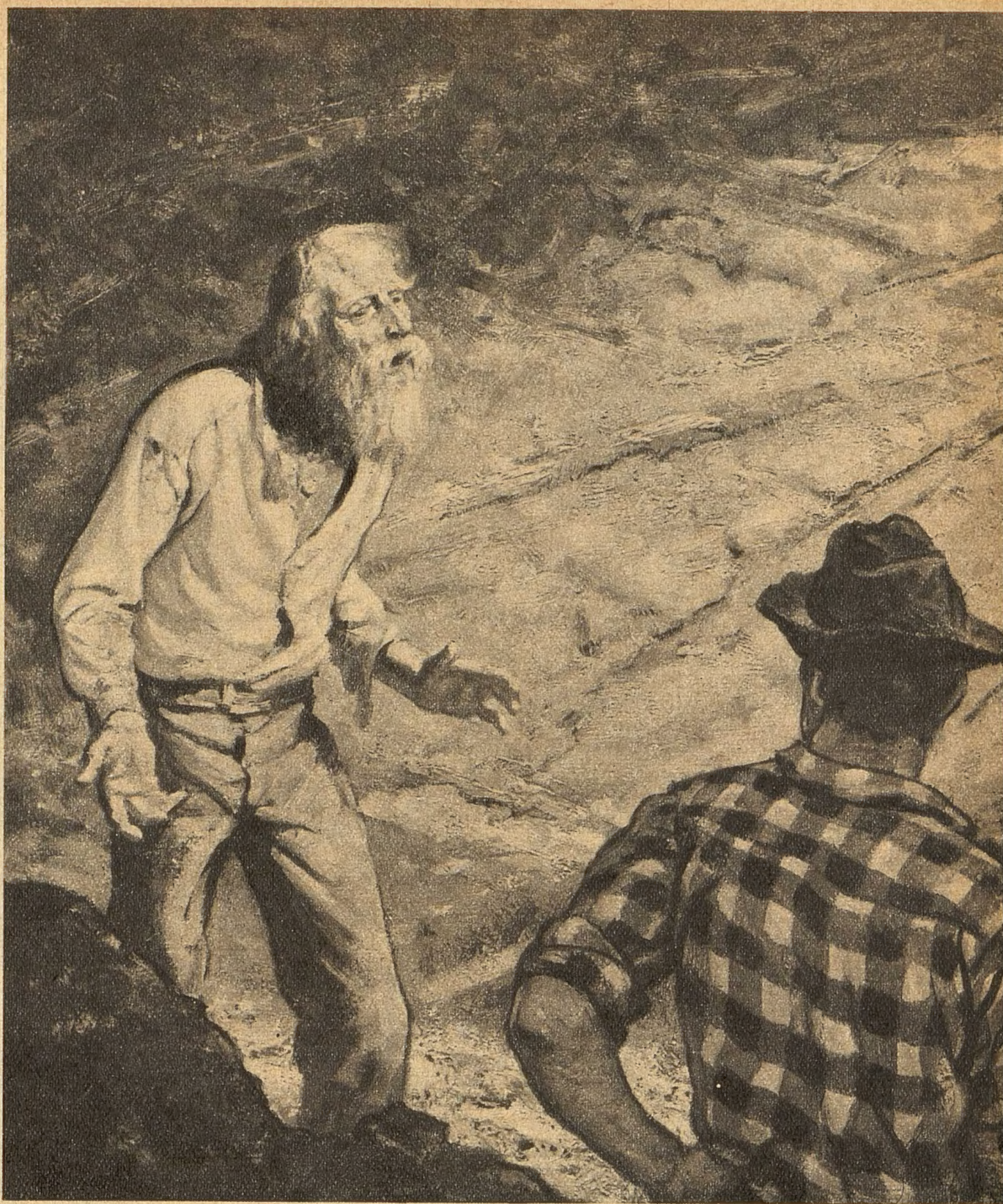
SHE hadn't left that way. Hardly! Her bland Western uncle, her father's only brother, now suddenly and appallingly her nearest of kin, had taken her with him like so much baggage.

"It seems to do us Parkers good to breathe a spell of Nevada air," he had explained, not unkindly but with firmness, as they settled themselves in the Pullman. "We'll just uproot you, Penny, and teach you to stand on your own two legs, which is something your father never learned. The debts, as I've explained, are cleared. The furniture and silver and such did some of it and I did the rest. You might as well know that. I could carry you on, too, the way you've been goin', but I don't exactly think that would be fair to you. No, sir, we'll find you a job. There's a camp called Jupiter about two hundred miles south of me, where they're lookin' for a school-teacher. The mine company runs the school and they're willing to pay pretty well. How's that sound to you?"

"It doesn't matter," said Penelope in a flat voice and with complete truth. Nothing mattered. Her father was gone—she had only a childhood's recollection of a being called mother—and she was leaving the only place in the world that had ever been home.

"I guess we'll give it a try," her uncle had opined. "It'll be fine experience for you."

Penelope, looking fixedly at the tips of her daintily gloved fingers, had made no answer to this. There was nothing for her to say. This uncle of hers, this brother of her father's, was apparently rich and stingy. Oh, yes, he had paid her father's debts, but brothers did things like that. It was the family name or something. He had salved his conscience by paying the debts, and now he was turning her out into the street, or just about



"I'm tellin' you what," he announced definitely. "Here and now,

that, anyway. Getting her a job as a school-teacher! That was an idea of a piece with the humorless joke that life had turned out to be. She, Penny Parker, who had run the teachers ragged at Converse and Brenau! She, Penny Parker, last winter's rush at Georgia Tech, last summer's idol at a whirl of breathless parties and beribboned dances! Now, by a trick of fate, she was to enjoy what her uncle called the fine experience of sitting primly at a desk and teaching A-B-C to a lot of dirty kids in a Nevada mining town. It made her want to laugh, only it didn't.

LITTLE by little as the train rolled west her resolution had set itself like concrete.

"You can trust me to stand on my own two legs, Uncle Tarle. I don't want a cent from you, ever."

Astoundingly he had patted her hand. "That's a good girl, Penny. Of course, if you get sick or somethin' you can count on me to stand by, but otherwise I don't exist. You're to consider me two hundred years away, as well as two hundred miles. Understand me? Your father mollicoddled his women. I don't."



front of plenty witnesses. Whatever's here, she's my partner."

"You'll never have to mollicoddle me," Penelope had retorted, her face flushing red. "If I have to starve, I'll never ask you for a thing."

Said her uncle imperturbably: "You may amount to somethin' at that."

ON such terms she had begun her life at Jupiter. On such terms she had put a year of her sentence behind her, always a little grimly, each day marked off on that horrible gaudy calendar with a hard black mark. She was doing her job, she knew, and doing it reasonably well. That was a satisfaction of a sort. But the job wasn't hard. It was merely a chore, no more irksome or monotonous than the life of which it was an integral part.

That was, perhaps, the worst of it all—the unchanging monotony of everything. The mountains were always there; they always had been there; and they always would be. Every morning, seven days a week—for Sunday was only a day at Jupiter—the men disappeared into the black mouths of the tunnels that pocked the gaunt slopes. Every morning, seven days a week, the children straggled down the hillside to the bare little schoolhouse that stood

alone, halfway between the upper and lower camps. On Sundays, of course, the school was Sunday school, but the day was just as long. Nothing changed at Jupiter except the sky, and the sky was as far away as New Orleans.

It was therefore something of a shock to Penelope when the old man vanished from Whisky Knob. Whisky Knob stood just above the schoolhouse, and the old man had been there for all of Penelope's year. He must have been a very old man, for he was white-bearded and white-haired, and the movements of his bent shoulders were painfully slow.

Sometimes he dug with a pick and sometimes with a shovel. Then he would strain his back over a crowbar, stepping away to swing at its projecting end with a heavy sledge. All day long he labored. For a few minutes each noon he entered the tiny tarpapered shack that perched crazily amid the miniature crags of a greenish outcrop beside his workings, but presently he would be out again, doggedly digging away.

AT first, this day of the old man's disappearance, Penelope wasn't quite sure what had happened. She sat at her desk and looked out of the north window, and she missed something. Half guiltily she took the count of pupils again. No, they were all on hand. Then abruptly she realized what it was. The old man, the only human being in her daily tiptilted landscape of sand and rock and dust-dry sagebrush, had gone away.

Strangely enough her first flitting feeling was one of ill treatment. He had been her own private old man, and without saying a thing to her he had taken his leave. True, she never had spoken more than a passing word to him, for habitually he came down from Whisky Knob only on Saturday evenings, and the general store on Saturday evening was no place for a school-teacher to loiter.

Nevertheless she had come to feel a proprietorship in him. Winter and summer he had waved a cheery good morning to her as she entered the school yard; winter and summer he had sent her up the long, grueling hill each afternoon with a jovial fling of his hand.

Penelope felt a little ashamed that the possibility of his being ill or injured did not occur to her until after her first vague irritation at his disappearance. She was so ashamed that she spoke to her pupils about it. She banged with her pointer, and the girls and boys gave her oxlike eyes.

She said: "Where's the old man?" and gestured toward the Knob. "Has anybody seen him? Do any of you know where he is?"

The children continued to stare at her.

"He isn't there any more," she explained.

"Maybe he's gone away," suggested one of the boys. Another said, "Maybe he's dead."

At noon, scrambling hurriedly in a sort of panic, Penelope clambered up the face of Whisky Knob. It was a long climb, much longer than she had thought it could

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be. She should have remembered that in Nevada the human eye became a telescope.

Before the lean-to shack she halted to catch her wind. Then, advancing half timidly, she knocked upon the tarpapered door. She listened, knocked again; then, suddenly fearful, she pushed the door open and stepped inside.

It was dark in there, pitch dark after the burning sunlight. Penelope was blinking when a thin voice spoke from an invisible corner. It asked her what she wanted.

An instinct made her step back. She said hurriedly: "Oh, please excuse me. I'm the school-teacher from down below. I didn't see you today, and I thought—are you all right?"

"Right as a tick," said the thin voice cheerfully.

"I was afraid you might be hurt."

"Nary a hurt. Just a little rheumatiz, that's all. Be up and around tomorrow, like as not. Thank you for bein' neighborly, miss."

Penelope's eyes were becoming accustomed to the twilight of the shack. In the far corner, she could make out, was a cot, and on this cot, under a blanket, lay the old man. His white beard and white hair glimmered ghostlike in the gloom.

"Where have you got it?" Penelope asked. She meant the rheumatism and he so understood her.

"All over. It's rompin' up and down me like a lady organist on a church organ. That's what I been thinkin', anyway. It ain't the low notes I mind so much. They hold kind of steady. It's the high notes sort of surprise a man. They tweak, like."

The old man chuckled.

"Rheumatism is nothing to laugh at," Penelope said.

"Anythin' is something to laugh at, miss. When you get to be as old as I am, that's one thing you learn ahead of everythin' else. That business about laughing last is all crazy. The big idea is to laugh just before the other feller laughs. You laugh first, and you win."

"If you've really got rheumatism," said Penelope soberly, "you ought to be out in the sun instead of indoors here where it's dark. The sun will do you good."

"Yessum, but I don't dast. Let myself get outside there once, and I'd be swinging a pick in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Only thing to do is lay right here and snooze, like. Ever work a claim, young lady?"

Penelope hadn't. She admitted as much with a smile.

"Then you don't savvy. If you've never worked a claim you don't know anythin'—practically. A claim's like licker—like licker to some folks. Get near it and you're gone. You sashay outside, and you say to yourself you won't take more than two or three or maybe four or five or a dozen wallops at the dirt to see if the vein ain't probably lyin' right behind where you left off last night, and next thing you know it's night again—and the next day you're layin' abed for a week. I've proved it. That's why I aim to stay right here in my boodwar."

AGAIN the old man chuckled.

Penelope, who had learned something about diet in the past twelve months, said crisply, "What have you got here to eat?"

"Who—me? Eat? Plenty to eat. What you doin' now, frettin'?"

"You need eggs and milk," said Penelope firmly. "That's what you need—eggs and milk and fresh meat and vegetables."

"Yessum," the old man agreed, "I ought to have all them things. Ought to have an autymobile, and a house with brass spittoons, and a nigger valley to trim my whiskers. Same as a young lady like you ought to have a heap of pretty-colored ribbons, and a dancin' dress with lace on to it, and a more likely place than these here mountains to wear it in. Don't you fret yourself about me, miss. I got aplenty to eat. And some day I'm goin' to have more than aplenty—a big steak every day, that's what I'm goin' to have, four inches thick and with gravy

runnin' all over it. Just as soon as I get to go east."

"Oh, are you going east?" asked Penelope eagerly. Her face flushed with pleasure. Out here in Nevada it practically amounted to treason to express a desire to go east—west either, for that matter. You were supposed to prefer it right where you were.

"You bet I am," said the old man firmly. "I'm goin' east to Michigan. That's where I come from, and I mean to end up there. It's a country a man can rightly live in—Michigan. They got green grass there. Trees, too; big, tall, cool, shady trees." He savored the adjectives.

Trees! Big, tall, cool, shady trees! Penelope hadn't seen a tree since her last day on the train, more than a year ago. Abruptly her heart went out to the old man. They had this thing in common—trees.

She said: "I'm from the east too. I know how you feel."

"You from the east? Honest?" The old man struggled to sit up; held out a seamed hand. But he fell back weakly and merely waved his fingers in the air, pretending he had meant to do just this from the first. He said: "The minute I make my strike I'm going to buy me a store suit and take the first train east. That's goin' to be any day now. After that I live easy."

PENELOPE, however, was surveying the interior of the cabin. "Next month's steaks don't fill today's stomach," she remarked dryly. "What's that in that can on your stove?"

"Mush, I reckon. It don't look like the Palace Hotel, but it warms up real nice."

"All right, we'll warm it up," Penelope informed him. "Now you stay right there. Cooking's a woman's work. Where's your wood—outside? Where are your matches? Good enough. I can only start it going for you, because I've got to get back to school, but I'm coming back."

"Yessum, that'll be real nice."

"I'm coming back with the scrap wagon and I'm going to carry you up to the mine infirmary, where I can keep an eye on you and keep you warm and comfortable."

The old man sat up with one motion. "Who—you? Me?"

"Absolutely!" Penelope laughed happily. She did not stop to consider that it was awfully good to be thinking of somebody besides herself. She said: "Any man in this country with nerve enough to admit he wants to go east rates a lot more service than that."

"You won't get me in any infirmary," the old man warned shrilly. "I don't hold with 'em. Anyways, I can't spare the time."

"What will you bet on it?" countered Penelope and walked out. But she put her head back through the doorway. She said significantly: "The better care you take of yourself, the better shape you'll be in to go ahead with your digging. No dig, no silver."

"Silver, hell!" whipped out the old man. "I'm going to strike gold."

Later that afternoon Penelope sought out Ed Rogers, the lean young superintendent of the syndicate mine. She told him about the old man. "He might die all alone down there," she concluded seriously.

Rogers only laughed. "You can have it your own way about the infirmary, and I'll give you the wagon to go get him with—if he'll come—but don't worry about his dying. Pop's an old-timer, and old-timers never die."

"As soon as he makes his strike he's going back to Michigan," Penelope explained.

This time Rogers slapped his knee.

"You haven't learned any too much about mining yet," he informed her, his eyes twinkling. "If he scratches out enough high grade to buy him pork and potatoes he'll be luckier than most of his kind." He paused. "It's a funny thing. We get 'em in all the modern camps once in a while—pocket hunters, old-time prospectors. They're all looking for something that isn't there, of course. Gold, for instance. Of course they do scratch out something—little seams or broken veins or pockets it doesn't pay the big companies to work. They never



stop to think that this whole country has been combed and honeycombed by geologists and mining experts for seventy-five years. Probably a hundred different men have examined the quartz indications around that outcrop where Pop McKensey's tunneling. But Pop sees it, and he looks at it, and he says to himself that he saw a place once in the Yukon or along the Feather River that looked just the same and where Jim Hooziss or somebody took out some gold. So he calls it a claim and commences to dig. That's about the whole of it."

"But hasn't he a chance?" demanded Penelope.

"Not a chance. But don't you dare feel sorry for him. He's happy; remember that. It takes a certain kind of man to be a prospector, the kind that lives on hope. A man like Pop McKensey isn't living today at all. He's living tomorrow, always tomorrow. He'll be living tomorrow on the day he dies."

"But this old man—Pop—he's different," Penelope maintained. "He says he's going to quit as soon as he makes a strike. He's going back east."

The young superintendent smiled.

When they went down for him with the wagon that evening they found the old man tossing feverishly. Impotently he objected to being moved, but the objection was merely verbal. The mine doctor got him to bed in the infirmary and looked him over with professional speed. The doctor's report was brief:

"He's simply a worn-out machine. Digestive system pretty well frazzled. Too much pork and fried stuff too many years. Nothing to do for the rheumatism. Acid. It comes and goes. The thing that looks worst is his lungs. Constant breathing of dust, and always hunched over. The lungs aren't delivering oxygen. Of course, in a lower altitude and with plenty of rest and care, he might live on for some years yet. But in this country, and the way a man like him treats himself—" The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Isn't Michigan a lower altitude?" asked Penelope, forgetful that she was a teacher of geography and supposed to know such things.

Young Rogers addressed the doctor: "She has an idea the old man is going to make a strike and hoof out for Michigan. After she's seen about a hundred of these pocket hunters she'll know better."

Penelope glared at the youthful superintendent. She said: "Get your hat and coat and come with me. We're going down there right now. I want to know the truth."

"About what, for the love of Pete?"

"About his workings. I've—I've got to know the truth. It would be so horrible if he was just being fooled."

THEY walked down the gulch in silence, striking off slantwise above the schoolhouse to make Whisky Knob without a climb. With Rogers' flashlight they entered the old man's rude attempt at a tunnel.

The businesslike way in which Rogers went at his examination of the workings reminded Penelope queerly of the way the doctor had gone over the old man. Rogers was an expert, a mining-school graduate. Obviously he knew what he was doing. First he scoured the walls with his flashlight. Then with a stick he prodded and pried and whacked. He collected a pile of rock samples, seated himself beside them, and methodically fingered each one. At last he looked up at Penelope, who was holding the light for him, and shook his head.

"About what I thought," he gave verdict. "He's got a few indications here, but I can tell you where the ore body is that he's looking for. It's up in the syndicate workings, a good half mile from where we're at. What he's trying to follow here is an offshoot or a stringer from the ore body up above. It'll never pay out for him, not in a million years. He may not know it but there are two separate north-and-south faults, more or less vertical, between this place and where we're taking out ore above there. Even if he does find the stringer he hasn't got the capital or the equipment to follow it past those faults—and if he did he'd land in our workings."



Penelope said uneasily: "But he seems so certain of it. He's counting on finding gold."

The young superintendent laughed. "Gold? There isn't enough gold in a ton of our best native ore to make a stickpin."

The old man was sleeping fitfully when they got back. Penelope stood in the doorway uncertainly. She had brought him here and she was responsible. A feeling came to her that she ought to stay with him; near him, anyway, within call. But then she recollected that Mrs. Cullen, who ran the boarding house, and whose duties included the care of the infirmary and its patients, lived directly next door.

Reluctantly Penelope was turning away when the old man opened his eyes. "Do tell!" he drawled. "If it ain't my little fuss-budget!"

"Do—do you feel better, Mr. McKensey?"

"Don't mister me, young lady. Name's Pop. Nobody's mistered me for twenty years—thirty, maybe—more like forty."

"IT'S about time somebody did, then," said Penelope, with a toss of her head. Then she stood looking at him. He was very old; there could be no question about that. The skin of his face and hands was crisscrossed with wrinkles. She smiled at him, a half-maternal smile. Abruptly she said: "How

much are you counting on taking out of that claim of yours—in dollars, I mean?"

"Who—me? Millions, like as not."

"I thought you only wanted enough to take you back to Michigan."

He peered at her, at first uncomprehendingly, then quizzically. Presently he said with gentleness: "I'll tell you a secret, miss, that lots of folks don't know. It's worth knowin', too. The further along in years you get, the less you come to expect out of life. I suppose if a man lived to be two hundred years old, he'd finally get to where he didn't expect practically anythin'. That's about the whole of it, I guess."

He fell silent, then spoke again: "What a man brags and what a man really thinks ain't necessarily always the same. In fact they generally ain't. I wouldn't admit this to anybody but you, miss, least of all to any of these here yellow-legged college miners, but I'll be pretty much content this time if I can take out enough to square off what I owe and get me home—maybe buy me a store suit and a couple of striped shirts to set on the porch in."

"That's what I lay here and think about—just settin' on the porch with kids rompin' over me and bangin' into my feet. Maybe I told you. There's a lady I'm athinkin' of lives there. She's a widow lady. I got no kin. She sent me a picture of the house once. Kids, too. They were all settin' on the porch, just where I'll be."

He smiled. After a moment he said softly: "No, ma'am, I ain't entirely an old fool. Years is somethin' you can't buy with all the money on earth. Give me a couple of hundred dollars in payin' ore, with just a leetle mite of gold showin' in it to satisfy my feelin's, and I'll play that hand as it's dealt." He brightened. "I'm goin' to strike it, too. Tomorrow, maybe!"

Slowly his eyes lost their focus. "Gold Hill!" he whispered. "Cold there—wind and sleet. Chilkoot! Fools! God must have been thinkin' of somethin' else when he made that country. Gosh, what a heap of years a man does live, anyway! Feather River and Grass Valley—God's country there, and a living. But a desert rat has to keep movin'. Mexico—hot!—so hot a man can't sweat. Some better in Goldfield, only it didn't seem like it. Yes, sir, a man lives a heap of years. Humboldt, and around Eureka, and now this country. Well, none of 'em's like Michigan. No, sir! There's trees and cows and flowers in Michigan." He mumbled something else and closed his eyes.

Penelope tiptoed out. She found herself shivering a little as she looked up at the stars. Yet it really wasn't cold. The stars looked back at her, unblinking. They never blinked out here.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FARE EAST
Continued from page eleven]

"Only two hundred dollars," said Penelope aloud, and was startled at the sound of her own voice. She shook herself, stalked swiftly up the hill. She wished desperately that she could run, but the grade was too steep. She wanted to run away from a thought that swept along close behind her, so close that it seemed to whisper itself into her ear.

She slammed her bedroom door on the thought, but it was too quick for her. It got in. It did not let her sleep till almost morning. She awoke hollow eyed from the fighting of it.

The old man, Mrs. Cullen told her, was worse. He had a fever and he was talking to himself, crazylike. Penelope had to hurry off to school. The day went by like a jumpy dream. When at last she panted up the hill to the infirmary the old man welcomed her with staring eyes and called her Myra, which meant nothing.

She found Ed Rogers in his office. Bluntly she said: "Can you advance me seventy-three dollars?"

"Why—why, yes, I suppose so. Yes, of course."

"All right. Can I have it now?"

He stared at her. "Do you want a check?"

"Any way. I'll sign any kind of a paper."

"Forget that," he mumbled. He reached for his check book, wrote, tore out a lean blue oblong of paper, and handed it to her.

Now for the first time Penelope smiled. She said: "I want to buy two hundred dollars' worth of high-grade ore. You have a hundred and twenty-seven of mine in the safe, and this makes it an even two hundred."

"You want what?"

SHE explained it then, hurriedly, nervously, almost diffidently.

"You're crazy," said the young superintendent.

"No, I'm not, either. You don't know, that's all. It—I just can't help it. I've got to." She shook her head.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand."

"But it's your whole savings."

"I'm young," said Penelope firmly. "He's old. Anyway, he's sick and everything." Suddenly she straightened up. "If you won't sell it to me the lower mine will."

Rogers eyed her sternly. "I'll split it fifty-fifty with you," he grunted.

"No, I want to do it myself. I—I've never done anything—for anybody."

"The dickens you haven't!"

Penelope said eagerly: "I thought of it last night. It's like salting a claim, only we salt actual value in. I've got it all worked out. I can tell him I went down there and got a man to drill for me and put a shot of powder in. You see, he'd know I was trying to help him, so he wouldn't be suspicious. That part's easy. And then, of course, we could take out the muck from the blast and cart in the high-grade to take its place. The only thing that bothers me is the gold. He's counting on gold. I mean he wants it. It wouldn't have to be much—just enough to look like something. That's what I wanted your advice on. Isn't there any way we can put a sprinkling of gold in with that ore?"

A new expression was creeping across Rogers' face.

"I thought you'd been a year in a mining camp," he said with an attempt at gruffness. "Would twenty or thirty dollars in gold be enough, do you think?"

She nodded, waiting.

"We get a shotgun," he informed her, smiling now, "and we load her with gold dust. That's one of the oldest tricks in the business. Just a little in each shell. And then we shoot it into the muck—stir it around with a shovel and shoot it again—three or four times, maybe. When we get through it'll look like picture rock. Now ask me something hard."

"How about doing it tonight?" said Penelope.

"Easy enough, if you'll let me come in with you fifty-fifty."

Penelope said firmly: "I want to do it all myself."

"But it's your whole stake," he persisted.

"Forget it," said Penelope. "I'm getting a kick out of it. Isn't that something?"

"So am I," said young Rogers, eying her thoughtfully, significantly, "only maybe not out of the same part of it."

After dark they slid down the gulch in Rogers' car. With them was Whitey Swenson, an old miner, past master at drilling, whom the superintendent had sworn to secrecy. The men loaded themselves with tools and a big box containing powder and fuses. With Penelope scrambling behind them they made Whisky Knob.

Swenson reported promptly that the rock at the inner end of the tunnel was gouge, almost as soft as cheese. He opined also that they need not drill very deep, as it would be sufficient merely to change the appearance



"Look here," said Swenson, holding a chunk of stone workings. And look at

of the workings. He went at his job. Two hours later they shot the blast.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Rogers and Swenson agreed between them that the job was done. Penelope, her eyes dragging with sleep, stood on tiptoe behind them as they surveyed the carefully prepared pile of muck in the tunnel, its surface glinting here and there with pin points of living light where the white rays of their lamps caught the bedded gold.

"Gosh!"—Rogers whistled—"I'd like to see something like that some time in a claim of mine!"

"You bet," Swenson echoed.

"Take a good look at it," said the young superintendent to Penelope. "That's a miner's dream come true." He hesitated, added: "You made it come true, too."

AS soon as school was out the next afternoon Penelope raced up the hill. Her message brought the old man bolt upright out of bed.

"What!" he gasped. "High-grade, you say? Gold in it, too? Could you see the gold? Did you say you could see it?"

Penelope gripped her two hands at her sides. Over and over she had rehearsed this scene, but it was harder than she had thought.

"Mr. Rogers said not to expect too much," she explained evenly. "He says it's only a pocket, worth a couple of hundred dollars maybe, but not much more. Still, that's something. It's what you've been praying for. It's enough to take you back home to Michigan." She steeled herself, exclaimed gayly: "Oh, isn't it wonderful! Aren't you glad?"

He stared at her. "Me—glad? Glad ain't no name.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

Above all, the great essential that her appeal is different, definitely her own, and something which sets her apart from other people.

Now she has a star's contract with Universal. All would seem plain sailing.

But there is always Imogene Wilson to take into account.

For, you see, Mary Nolan used to be Imogene Wilson. And Imogene Wilson is plenty of past for any woman. Imogene Wilson refuses to die. For a while, everyone forgot about her. "Bubbles" was no more. Frank Tinney's love, the beautiful Follies girl, faded before other scandals, more recent tabloid tales. A quiet girl playing small parts in Hollywood under the name of Mary Nolan kept Imogene Wilson off the front page for a longer time than has ever happened since she first became headline copy.

But now Mary Nolan herself has become famous. The spotlight returns. "She used to be Imogene Wilson, didn't she?" says every voice.

She did. So her story becomes the case of Mary Nolan versus Imogene Wilson. A woman and her past.

To that past there are so many complex angles, she is struck by it both from within and from without in so many peculiar ways, that her life has been and is one long battle, and if she loses it she will lose her great chance and the great fight she has put up to get where she is today.

WHEN this blonde ex-Follies girl arrived in Hollywood over two years ago, the case against Imogene Wilson was stated pretty plainly.

Women's clubs, editors, and various unemployed reformers began a busy campaign to keep Broadway's bad little Bubbles off the screen. In print and from the rostrum, they declared that Imogene Wilson was simply out to capitalize her notoriety and to drag customers into the box office on the strength of her reputation as one of the wildest women of the Great White Way.

They pointed a finger at her past and roared in protest. The stones they didn't hesitate to cast at her were:

Frank Tinney had once given her a beating which put her down for what approximated the long count in Chicago. In fact, he beat her up so often and with such disastrous results to her beauty that they began to refer to her as "Frank Tinney's sparring partner." And Tinney himself openly boasted that "there wasn't any Follies girl he couldn't lick."

Eventually she had to call for help in the shape of the New York police force. She had him arrested and haled into court on a charge of assault and battery—and Tinney,

the irresistible comedian, laughed his way out of it.

To make a bad matter worse, Imogene went back to him. And when Ziegfeld decided that the publicity attendant upon their pugilistic efforts was harmful to his show and fired them, they turned up in London together.

That was too much for Mrs. Frank Tinney. She had overlooked a good deal. When Imogene tried a spectacular suicide during a gay party in her New York apartment, long before the famous beating, Tinney's wife forgave him. Even though Imogene's farewell note to him revealed much that no wife would want to know, she

merely said, "Frank has done these things before." And, "Miss Wilson will never become Mrs. Tinney until I am dead."

But the flight to London changed her mind and her divorce suit named Imogene Wilson as correspondent. By the time she won it, Imogene's love had been beaten to death, and she never did become Mrs. Tinney.

IMOGENE WILSON

I was the girl who caused the greatest uproar in Germany since the World War. The wife of a banker in Berlin tried to shoot her. An Italian director had to be deported because he pursued her with a passion that amounted to insanity. A well known dress-maker sued her for debt. So Imogene packed up and left for

Paris, where her beauty dazzled a number of Frenchmen but caused no international complications.

Almost all these things were true. In some degree, they were all true. As they appeared in print, there grew up around the name of Imogene Wilson a legend of devilry and danger, of mad escapades and wild love affairs, lacking in dignity but very spicy reading.

Once, sometime in 1924, Imogene Wilson said, "It seems to me that all the married women in America are cursing me."

What did she expect? Married women are never very fond of overly beautiful young girls who have no regard for the sacred institution of marriage.

An old-time newspaper man who worked on a number of the stories which featured Imogene Wilson says that in those days she was as wild as a young panther.

"Imogene wasn't called Bubbles for nothing," he said. "She was intoxicated with life. I've seen a good many other girls around New York in the past fifteen years, but Bubbles had it on any of them for causing trouble and excitement."

"Perhaps," I said, "she was very young."

"I suppose she was," he said. "I never thought of that. But it was more than that. She always said whatever came into her head. She always did just what seemed to her natural. I've seen her burst out crying right on Broadway when Tinney would tease her. One of the girls in the Follies played a mean trick on her one night and Imogene acted just like a kid, went after her and pulled her hair and kicked at her shins. There was a sort of honest, natural, primitive thing about it all that you don't usually associate with elegant and languid blondes."

All these stories flared up, with hundreds of rumors and dozens of malicious and spiteful tidbits, when it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Imogene Wilson, now Mary Nolan, as she appeared as a Ziegfeld Follies girl.



Imogene Wilson in Daffy Dill, a musical show of six years ago.

[MARY NOLAN VERSUS IMOGENE WILSON]

Continued from page seventeen

became known that Imogene Wilson had returned from her European tour and landed in Hollywood.

In consequence, Hollywood did not receive her with open arms.

There was, thought Hollywood, plenty of dynamite around already without importing high explosives. Hollywood hates scandals because it fears their effect upon the collective box office. More and more, repression is the order of the day.

The advent of a girl with Imogene's beauty and her reputation for trouble was regarded by the ever watchful producers and executives as equivalent to throwing a match into a gasoline tank.

The truth of the matter, which very few people have ever known, is that Imogene Wilson came to Hollywood on the most peculiar kind of a fluke. Otherwise she



Mary Nolan
in *Undertow*, her
latest picture, with
John Mack Brown.

Robertson at once. His cable also asked, "Is she English?"

"No," came the answer. She must be German, John decided.

It wasn't until she arrived in Hollywood that young Mr. Considine discovered that he had signed Imogene Wilson.

Some fifteen minutes afterward, twenty or thirty enterprising reporters learned the same thing and Imogene crashed the front page again.

IN spite of the pressure, Imogene Wilson stayed in Hollywood. There were a number of reasons for this. John Considine was game enough to stand by his mistake, particularly after he knew that the girl was penniless and had no place else to go. Moreover, being a showman born and bred, he realized at once that she possessed the fatal and intriguing glamour which has belonged to great women of the theater.

"Only," said John Considine, "you can't be Imogene Wilson. You'll have to start all over again and work up. Have you any other name besides Imogene?"

The girl looked at him wearily. John said if she hadn't been so extraordinarily beautiful she would have resembled a whipped puppy.

"My name," she said simply, "is Mary."

"That's a grand old name," said John. "Mary—let's try a dash of Irish with that. Mary—Mary—how about Mary Nolan?"

Thus Imogene Wilson became Mary Nolan.

But it wasn't as simple as all that.

Nothing will ever be simple for Mary Nolan. In the first place, her beauty focuses the spotlight upon her and seems to arouse a peculiar envy in most other women.

In the second place, everything Mary Nolan does is instantly referred back to the things she used to do, and becomes distorted by its association with her past. There is an old adage about "Give a dog a bad name—"

Like all women of her type, Mary Nolan is a one-man woman. When she is in love—and she always is—no one else exists for her. But she has a way with men. She looks up at them pleadingly, under those long eyelashes. Her little white hand falls on their shoulders. She is

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]



Mary Nolan, risen star of the talkies, with
Wheeler Oakman in *The Shanghai Lady*.

would never have been allowed to stick her pretty nose within shooting distance of a camera. Hollywood is not looking for trouble.

John Considine is Joe Schenck's right-hand man and a power in the wigwams of United Artists. Son of the great old character who founded the Sullivan-Considine circuit in San Francisco, John is Irish and a scrapper. Also—this is mentioned because otherwise Mary Nolan's history would have been very different—a gentleman.

John told me this story himself and on himself.

ALONG about 1926 the eyes of every alert producer in Hollywood were turned upon Europe, from whence had come the great Garbo. We were, for a time, threatened with a foreign invasion.

Turning over the pages of an English movie magazine one day, John came across the picture of a blonde so beautiful that he could hardly believe it. Looking at the delicate features, the pleading eyes, John said to himself, "That looks like money in the box office to me."

Under the picture was the name, "Imogene Robertson."

John had never heard of Imogene Robertson. The name sounded English. However, it announced Miss Robertson's appearance in a German film produced by UFA. Her blondness suggested that she might be German or even Swedish.

John cabled for the film, took one look, and instructed the German representative of United Artists to sign Miss



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

pretty enough to be playful and get away with it. All the time, even when she isn't listening, even when she hasn't the faintest idea who the man is, her attitude implies that his words are pearls, and that he is the *one* man she has always wanted to meet. Mary doesn't mean anything by it. She just can't help it. There are hundreds of other southern girls with those same tricks and no one thinks anything about it.

This girl's reputation makes it dangerous, makes other women suspect her at once of the most dishonorable intentions. Being no dumbbell, Mary knows this. During her first days in Hollywood, when the attacks were coming thick and fast—when the Duncan Sisters had refused to have her in their picture; when it looked as though her United Artists contract might be canceled at any moment—Mary hardly put her nose outside her own door for fear she would inadvertently step into something.

"She used to telephone to ask me if it would be all right for her to go up to Hollywood Boulevard and buy a new toothbrush," said John Considine.

Trouble just naturally follows Mary Nolan.

A year ago New Year's Eve, Mary Nolan attended a big party given at Agua Caliente. There were about a hundred people in the party and some of the women weren't very nice to Mary.

"The only person who made me feel really at home," said Mary Nolan, "was Bebe Daniels. She's such a lady and such a big person herself that she isn't afraid to be nice to anyone."

Among the guests were Lila Lee and a young scenario writer named John Farrow. Everyone expected their engagement to be announced at any moment. John is a pretty fair scenario writer, but his manners have their critics in Hollywood. Lila is one of those universal favorites and was on friendly terms with a lot of the men, having worked and played with them since she was fourteen. John Farrow didn't like the friendly terms and he particularly objected to Jack Gilbert. To put it frankly, he was sore and jealous.

AT the dinner table he happened to be sitting next to Mary Nolan. Mary presented a grand opportunity for John to carry out the usual reaction of callow youth—he would repay Lila and make her jealous. So he started making a terrific play for Mary Nolan.

Mary wasn't very happy herself, she didn't know about Lila, and Farrow amused her and made her feel a little less lonely. After all, it was New Year's Eve at Agua Caliente and a girl expected to have some fun. So, when he finally asked her to marry him, she laughed and said, "Sure." Naturally, she thought it was a joke. She had never seen Farrow before.

An hour later, the young man appeared with a license and a judge from Tia Juana.

Still, as far as Mary was concerned, it was a joke. When she found that he was serious, and that it took several of his friends to reduce him to sanity, she was furious. He had taken an unfair advantage of her, of the situation. She knew the price she would pay. The story soon went around that Mary Nolan had enticed Lila Lee's boy friend and had been willing to marry him on New Year's Eve. The papers printed a variety of versions.

If it had been anyone else, the chances are that the whole thing would have been taken as a huge joke.

There is no question that wherever she goes there is trouble brewing. In nine cases out of ten, as far as I can find out, it isn't her intention. The tenth time she goes looking for it and then—oh, boy!

Maybe Imogene Wilson was a bad girl.

Maybe Mary Nolan is a dangerous woman.

The amazing part to me is that no one has ever considered the story of Imogene Wilson in its entirety. Columns and columns of ridicule, of abuse, of hectic scandal

have been printed about this girl. Her doings have been published under banner headlines. Yet no one has taken the trouble to see the facts, the simple, stark facts that lie behind the maze of stuff the public has been reading for years.

This girl's life is one of the basic, fundamental tragedies, yet it has been handled as a risqué farce.

Bad little Bubbles of Broadway didn't matter. If she provided a thrill, a laugh, a piece of "swell art," okay. Where she came from, who had swayed her destiny, where she was going, no one cared.

No one has ever cared.

On December 18, 1906, in the mountain regions of Kentucky, to a family of poor whites was born a girl child who was given the name of Mary Imogene Robertson. Born in a cabin with a dirt floor and one window, where a brood of ragged children ran about and nothing of beauty or comfort was known.

When she was three years old, her mother died.

I DO not know anything about Mary's mother. Mary does not remember her, only the great need for her. The lonely ache of the motherless child was her first conscious feeling. And there was no one to take the place of that mother, then or ever.

Mary Imogene was a girl who should have had a mother. Great beauty has a right to that much protection—someone to turn to in the tough spots, someone to speak a wise word in the desperate moments. Little Mary Imogene took her childish griefs and her hard knocks and

her baby hurts alone, except for the older brothers and sisters who had their own battles to fight in the stark, bare life of the Kentucky mountaineer.

I wonder if the children of a motherless childhood are ever quite the same as other people. I wonder if the scars of small hungry souls feeling blindly for love ever quite heal. I wonder if there doesn't come of those pitiful, unconsolated child tears a fear of life that never passes away. Such children, it seems to me, either grow into splendid stature, are forced into great spiritual growth, or they carry for all time a burden of sadness and longing.

There were those early mountain days for this little child.

Then there were years in an orphanage, where little Mary Imogene washed hundreds of pairs of stockings, standing on a box because her arms wouldn't reach the washtub; when she scrubbed floors and cleaned dirty dishes and cried herself to sleep on a small, hard bed.

Nothing belonged to her, not even the black uniform that bound her. The nuns were kind, but they were poor and overworked. There was enough food—just enough. Little Mary Imogene knew so little of love that she was frightened one day when a visitor stopped to kiss her and say, "What a beautiful child!"

There must be orphanages. But it hurts to think about them.

It was all Mary Imogene knew. The sisters, perhaps sensing, with the wisdom of women who devote their lives to God, what the trials and temptations of such a child might be outside the safety of those walls, thought she should pray for a vocation and stay among them forever.

And then, suddenly, without any warning, without any preparation, the world without broke upon fourteen-year-old Mary Imogene.

There was an older sister who had married. She was dying, and her husband sent money to bring the younger girl to her deathbed. That journey was an unbearable agony to Mary. Why, she didn't know the very mechanical facts of everyday living. She didn't know the most ordinary customs of society.

The complex psychology of modernity, the appeal of beauty, the manifold temptations of the flesh, the relations of man and woman, the thrill of luxury, the joy and gayety and excitement of life, were as much beyond her

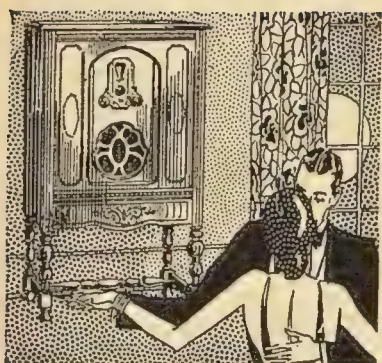
[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



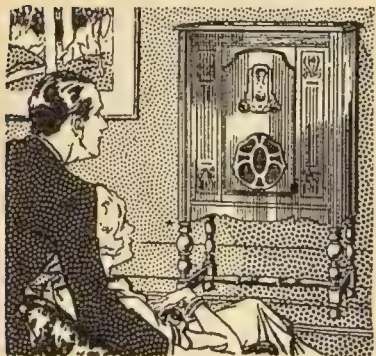
Mary Nolan herself, as her friends see her.

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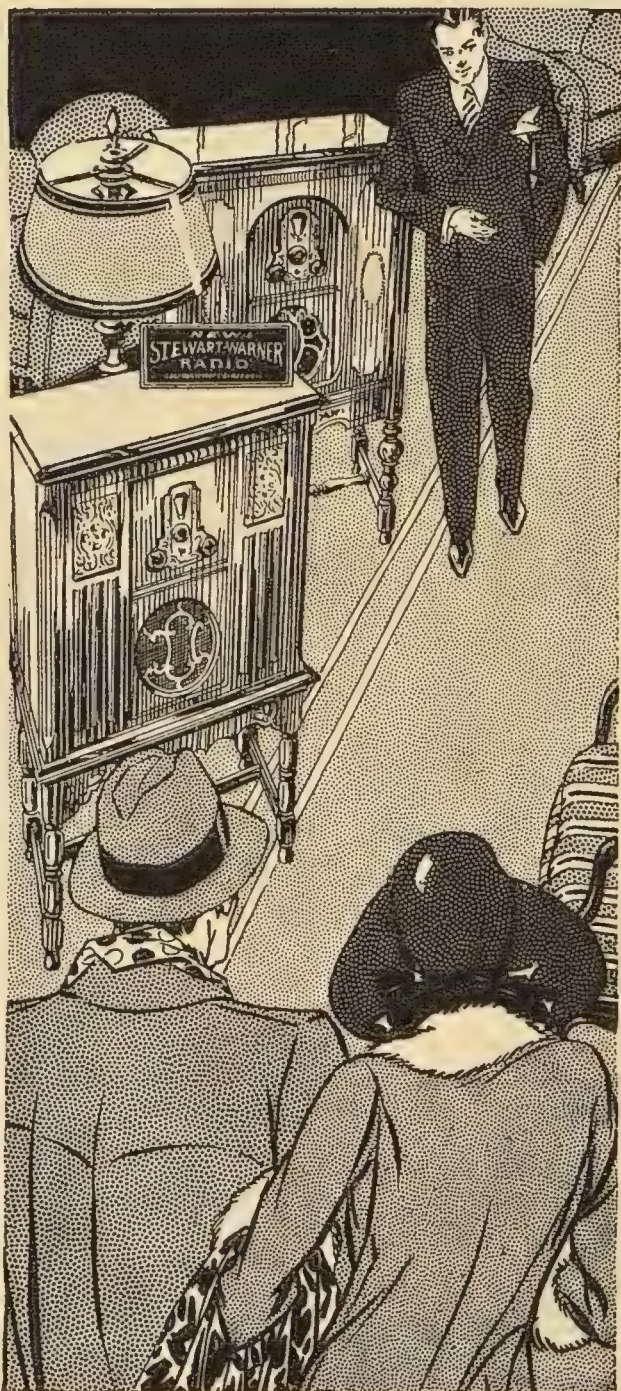


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"The Set With The Punch"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

ken as though she had dropped down from another planet.

She had intended to return to the convent—forever. But the older sister on her deathbed exacted a strange promise.

"Don't go back," she said, a hand on the child's golden hair. "I don't know why, but don't. You were not meant for that life. You haven't the true vocation. You will only be doing it because you have no place else to go. You will be very unhappy, dear. You may have trouble outside, but you'll win out in the end. You weren't created to be shut up like that and you'd go mad."

So, at fourteen, this child found herself alone, friendless, penniless, unprotected, in New York. If she wasn't going back to the convent, she would go to the very opposite extreme. She would find life at its peak. She ran away. She expected to get a job washing dishes. Two weeks after she arrived, she was posing as an artist's model.

The world is full of pretty women. Nowadays almost any girl can present an attractive appearance. But Mary Imogene Robertson, who had never had a lipstick in her hand, never seen herself in anything but a cracked mirror in the convent washroom, was beautiful.

That fact took her life as a hurricane takes a small boat and she knew no more how to steer it than she would have known how to cross the Atlantic in a twenty-foot sloop.

At sixteen she was, inevitably, in the Follies.

When she first met Frank Tinney, the star of that year's Ziegfeld show, then Broadway's favorite comedian, the man who could get away with anything, that was her age and he was nearly forty.

A motherless girl who had spent her few years in the Kentucky mountains and as a slavey in an orphanage.

A man who had been on the stage for years, had known many women, and had a reputation in the business as one of the most systematic rounders of his day.

AT sixteen Imogene Wilson was "the queen of the Follies" and had been hailed by experts as the most beautiful girl in America.

She was also Frank Tinney's sweetie.

Out front, she was just another glorified beauty. Tired business men and buyers and young bloods from the Racquet Club applauded her nightly and wondered whether she preferred orchids or gardenias, diamonds or emeralds.

Behind the scenes, she was the prize sap of the troupe. A laugh for all the wise ones. Things they had always known were so new to her. They declare that when she first came into the show Imogene Wilson thought Rolls-Royce was some kind of breakfast food.

It didn't take long to teach her otherwise. Of course a lot of it was probably just good-natured clowning. But there was some malice and jealousy, too. The dumb little newcomer had gone over all their heads to fame and popularity.

The Tinney affair surprised no one. Imogene Wilson, with all her innocent airs, had grabbed off the best in sight. The big shot of the show. Of course, Frank drank, but he was making an enormous salary, he had a lot of influence, and he was generous. She knew which side her bread was buttered on. Plainly, he was entirely

off his head about her, and she seemed to be fond of him. To others, it was the oldest story in the world.

The truth, I am almost sure, was different.

Women of Mary Nolan's type do not always tell the truth. Not because they are dishonest, but because they are essentially dramatic, and also because, since their minds and imaginations are sensitive, they revamp events so that they can live with their memories.

"Were you in love with Frank Tinney?" I said to Mary Nolan.

She looked out the window a rather long time, sitting very still. When she is serious, her eyes are gray and steady.

"Yes," she said. "I was then. Now, of course, I know

that it was not love. I have learned much about love since those days. Nor was it passion. I knew no more of passion when I first went with Frank Tinney than do most girls of the age I was.

"BUT I loved him.

You see, I was so hungry for love. Not the love of a man, but the affection, the kindness, of any living human being. I had never had it in all my life. If you put food before a starving man, he doesn't question its quality. He eats because he must.

"At first Frank was very good to me. He called me Bubbles because I was so happy to have someone who cared for me. No one

had ever given me a present before. I'd never had one pretty thing.

"He could be such good fun, too. He could make me laugh and laugh, and I had never laughed. You see, those needs were in me, those deep desires grown strong because they had never had the smallest outlet. The desire to be loved, to have pretty things, to laugh.

"That's all. I grew to have a deep affection for him. I was perfectly content to do what he wanted because I was grateful. I don't suppose I ever thought much. I have no hard feelings toward him now. We made terrible mistakes. Mistakes I suppose I shall go on paying for as long as I live. But I don't blame him. He couldn't help it."

Everything went smoothly with those two until Imogene began to grow up. The doll became alive in his hands. She was no longer content to sit for hours and let him curl her hair around his fingers. Her doll house began to pall.

So she stretched out greedy little hands for the only life she knew, the only society available to her. Bubbles Wilson at eighteen didn't have a very wide choice. Parties, night clubs, chorus girls and their boy friends, the gayer strata of the theatrical world formed her horizon. Soon she was in the center of the mad whirl that is Broadway at its wildest.

Then trouble came, and came fast. Tinney had a wild jealousy, the jealousy of a much older man who realizes that his hold upon a beautiful and ignorant young girl will not stand an increase in knowledge, the rivalry of younger men. He took to brute force to dominate her—to brute force and a thousand petty humiliations which his subtle brain could devise. When he was drunk, he was unspeakable and dangerous.

Still, she clung to him. Partly through fear, partly through a blind, unreasoning loyalty.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



Mary Nolan in her first starring rôle, filmed in Germany.



A close-up of Mary as she takes to heart the plight of *Undertow's* heroine.

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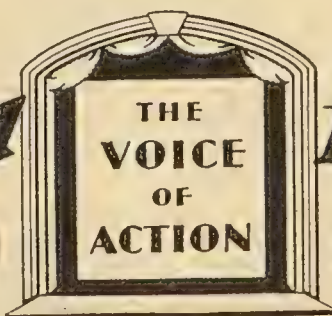


WHEN you go to a motion picture theatre nowadays you have a right to hear the voices of your favorite stars reproduced with full justice to their artistry. Fortunately you can do just that—provided you select a theatre which displays the “Western Electric equipped” sign. This apparatus reproduces speech and music in natural tones because it was



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SOUND SYSTEM

MADE
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TELEPHONE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

There was a great mistake, but it is absolutely in character.

Mary Nolan has a mind, an interesting mind, but it is completely untrained. To take a thing and think it through, to see its beginning and its end, is beyond her. She can't think, she can only feel—which is the case with the vast majority of women who mistake their emotional reactions for thought.

Fiery, stubborn, loyal, her whole attitude toward men could be summed up in that song which Fannie Brice made famous a few years ago, *My Man*. That may be part of her heritage from the Kentucky mountaineers.

There is a story in Hollywood, which is full of stories about everybody, that during her romance with Norman Kerry some time ago she hit him over the head with a bottle during a quarrel. Mary denies it absolutely. But it wouldn't be out of character at all. Most of her reactions are primitive and she has never been taught to control them. You will admit that the impulse to strike out when we have been injured is not unknown to the best of us. We have been taught to control it by our parents, our traditions, our society. Mary Nolan has been taught things only as the child is taught to dread the fire—by getting burned.

It is no doubt a debatable question when loyalty ceases to be a virtue and becomes a detriment to character and self-respect. Imogene Wilson carried her loyalty to Tinney beyond decency. Also, anyone who knows life at all will tell you that most girls make a desperate effort to cling to the first man in their lives. Some blind instinct tells them that this in a measure justifies their loss of virtue.

But Imogene Wilson got sick of it all. Sick of the drinking, sick of the continual rows, of the continual excitement.

She had made pretty much of a mess of her life. You have to make pretty much of a mess of things before you actually attempt suicide.

I do not know how many people have ever faced the thought of getting out of things by self-destruction. I don't mean just a vague "I wish I was dead." I mean holding the weapon, measuring out the poison.

It is not a pleasant sensation. It can come to a girl only when she sees no light anywhere, because youth clings to life. The shock of an attempted suicide leaves a sensitive spot from which the spirit recoils ever afterward.

BUBBLES must have reached very black depths indeed to write the letter which she left for Frank Tinney when she lay down to die.

It was dated May 27, 1924:

Don't look for me, because you will never find me. I've gone far away, so that God is the only living thing that can reach me. I know how terrible you are, but I love you in spite of yourself. I tried to give you the things in life that are worth while, which are nothing more than love, happiness, and truth. Things that even your money cannot buy, because, dear, things that money can buy wear out, while love goes on and on through all eternity. Sweetheart, eternity is a long, long time, but remember all things lead to love and I cannot forget and I cannot live without you. That is why I am dying.

Your BUBBLES.

Can you see her, this slim blonde thing, sitting down to write those words of despair and disillusion, without a friend to turn to, without a single hope of happiness in a world that seemed all rotten?

In her novel called *Three Kingdoms*, Storm Jameson has written: "Every human being needs one sure refuge, one place where he is sure, sure without question, of shelter and support, given freely at any time, in any danger."

Imogene Wilson had no such place.

Mary Nolan has none.

In those words is the secret of her life.

There are certain hurts that last forever. Nothing

can ever undo what Frank Tinney did to Imogene Wilson. The ordeal through which she went with him when she was just a child. The suicide from which she escaped only because a wise druggist had given her something else than the poison she thought she was buying. The beating from which she called the police to protect her.

He did even worse later. Nothing will kill a person so quickly in America as ridicule. The thing that ruined Imogene Wilson was that he got up in court later and with his inimitable gift of comedy made her ridiculous. He cheapened her, cheapened the whole affair, until it was no longer melodramatic, but vulgar and common.

It takes a great comedian to make such an episode funny. Unfortunately for her, Tinney was a great comedian.

Imogene Wilson came out of the whole mess smirched in body—I have seen the scars from that famous beating—in soul, in reputation.

ON July 16, 1927, when Herbert Brenon had given her the part in *Sorrell and Son*, she said, "Now Imogene Wilson is dead. My past is as dead as my old name. I am making a fresh start. I am going to make such a comeback as Mary Nolan that nobody will remember anything but that."

She's making a powerfully game fight.

She is typically a fighter. She hasn't any of the calm mastery and inner conviction that make Garbo say to studio officials, "I go home now." Mary stands up and battles and keeps everybody up nights and has poor Junior Laemmle tearing his hair out by the roots. Yet she's probably just as right as Garbo in fighting for good stories, good directors, good casts. She knows she can't succeed without them. Nobody can.

Work is now the beginning and end of her thoughts. You know, "the easiest way" would have been very easy for a girl that looks like Mary Nolan. Instead of which, she's lived on a very small salary, worked eighteen hours a day sick or well, spent her money for things that would further her career.

On her last picture, *Undertow*, she worked half the time in soaking wet clothes, in water, in small boats with wind machines turned full upon her.

"She doesn't know the meaning of the word quit," said Johnny Mack Brown, who was her leading man. "She worked the whole company to death. I never saw any woman with more—well, physical courage."

Johnny was a great football player and ought to know something about physical courage and endurance.

There is a dogged determination about Mary Nolan that you miss at first because of the glamour of her beauty and the natural bubbling quality of her personality.

In a way, she is as much a hermit as Garbo. But it is difficult because she loves people. She loves lights and music and dancing. But slowly she has taught herself the lesson of solitude. Night after night she is alone in her charming little apartment.

The groping of a lonely and bewildered little kid, who realizes that she isn't strong enough by herself to handle the pressure of events, drives her to seek consolation in religion. She reads books on all sorts of mind sciences and theological subjects. Sometimes she goes into a Catholic church and sits alone trying to absorb some of the peace that she has lost.

All those things are true. The sadness, the loneliness, the forlorn wistfulness.

Yet with it all she's the most alive, wild, full-of-fun—it's difficult to describe. But she loves fun and will have fun and she can laugh at anything. One day she is sad, frail, lonely. The next time you see her she's dashing about her apartment playing with a black kitten.

Both are utterly sincere.

The bubbles quality is the real Mary Nolan.

The sadness and solitude are the things life has imposed upon her.

Ruth Chatterton, a woman of most amazing mental

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



P. & A. photo
Frank Tinney.

Our NEW HOME!

ON March 15 Liberty is moving. Our office will be located in the new 36 story News Building at 220 East 42nd Street, New York.

In the new News Building all of the New York offices of our publishing interests will be housed—The News, New York's picture newspaper; Liberty Magazine; the eastern advertising offices of The Chicago Tribune; P. and A. Photos, Inc.; and the New York office of the Ontario Paper Company.

Thus will be combined in one magnificent new office building all the publishing enterprises that have sprung from the parent company, The Chicago Tribune.

The News Building, exemplifying the highest ideals in modern office building construction and service, has attracted a high class group of tenants. The International Paper and Power Company will occupy fourteen floors. The National City Bank has leased a ground floor corner to provide a complete unit of its world-wide banking and investment organization.

Exceedingly convenient location, permanently protected light on all four sides, an imposing entrance and a magnificent lobby, high speed, full automatic control elevators, a central vacuum cleaning system, and thermostatic heat control in each office are some of the features which make the News Building an ideal home not only for Liberty Magazine



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but for any organization interested in office comfort, service, and convenience.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]
powers, one of those rare souls who can be a lady without being any less a woman, says that Mary is essentially a gay and gallant person.

"She knows how to work," Ruth said—they worked together in a picture; "she's sweet and thoughtful. But, at the same time, she's the kind of a girl who loves life."

Ever since she was born she's been kicked around. But she has fought back. She's been licked and fought back some more. She has her feet well on the road to success now. If she does succeed, she will be a strong woman.

Yet there is a wild, uncontrolled something there, too, that might unseat her at any moment.

Love might wreck her again, as it wrecked her before.

Because she craves love beyond anything else. Not domestic peace. She has none of the usual cry that comes from women who have been in Mary's spot of "I want a home and a husband and babies."

SHE doesn't want anything of the kind and she knows it. She wants love. If she loved a man enough she might want to bear his child, but she isn't the mother type in anything. The thing she desires is one of those gorgeous, romantic loves that used to happen in history. If anything like that came along, Mary might blow Hollywood right off the map.

There is just one theme song for a story about Mary Nolan:

—But I love him.
I don't know why I should; he isn't good,
he isn't true,
He beats me too.

Oh my man, I love him so, he'll never know.

All my life is just despair, but I don't care.

When he takes me in his arms the world is bright, all right.

What's the difference if I say I'll go away,

When I know I'll come back on my knees

some day,

For whatever my man is, I am his,
Forevermore.

NEXT WEEK —

A New
Mystery Serial

SMOKE SCREEN

By
Lawrence
Saunders

The Story of a
Girl's Great Adventure

MARY NOLAN is good and she is bad. She's beautiful and she is a woman who can work and will work and does work. If she says black is black today and white tomorrow, she means it. She's as interesting as a summer storm, if you are looking for an interesting human being with all the faults and all the virtues which the daughters of Eve are heir to.

Other people may connect her past with her. Her inner self, her subconscious self, will always be affected by the things that have happened to her. Her head will make her estimate all of them at times. Yet she has the faculty of living in the moment—now, this minute, without past or future. She can lose herself in the present completely.

Above all, she is a woman who wants love, was made for love, and must love. Work is an anodyne, a salvation, a substitute.

She will come to a bad end or a great end. They will find her with her throat cut some morning, or else she will become a great figure in pictures. No middle trail for her.

The singed butterfly of Broadway is today the greatest single bet in pictures. At least we must say of Mary Nolan, "Salute to courage!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1—What is the salary of the Vice President of the United States? | 11—What Dickens novel includes the Artful Dodger? |
| 2—What is a ruminant? | 12—What does <i>de rigueur</i> mean? |
| 3—What is a euphemism? | 13—What is a subaltern? |
| 4—Who are the Bretons? | 14—Who invented the air brake? |
| 5—What is the distance between the pitcher's box and the home plate in a baseball diamond? | 15—What is the name for a wind whose velocity is between twenty-five and seventy-five miles per hour? |
| 6—What is Punjab? | 16—What President of the United States was impeached? |
| 7—The liter is a unit in what system of measurement? | 17—What is a shrievalty? |
| 8—Who were the Argonauts? | 18—What does friable mean? |
| 9—What is consanguinity? | 19—Who was King Solomon's father? |
| 10—What is blank verse? | 20—What does pellucid mean? |

(Answers will be found on page thirty-six)

GRAPHIC
SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH
BARTON

HOW MANY GRAVES ARE 1,300 GRAVES? 1,300 citizens have been killed in the last ten years as a result of efforts to enforce the Prohibition Law. Count them.



SAFETY TELEGRAPH POLE designed to make the Great Open Spaces even greater for the Sunday driver.

THIS PAGE APPROVES the far-sighted wisdom of the late Conrad Hubert, who left \$6,000,000 to be disposed of as Messrs. Al Smith, Calvin Coolidge, and Julius Rosenwald think best; and announces itself ready to take on a similar job for any millionaire who is making his will.



CHICAGO CHANGES ITS MOTTO to do homage to Mayor Thompson's administrations.

Melodrama *de Luxe*

And a Note on Greta Garbo's Voice

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ STREET OF CHANCE

OBVIOUSLY suggested by a subject that the New York Police Department is trying to forget—the sudden front-page demise of the gambler, Arnold Rothstein—Paramount's new film, *Street of Chance*, easily might have been a cheap try at topical sensationalism.

However, Oliver Garrett, who wrote *Street of Chance* as an original scenario for the screen, took the real—and unsolved—murder and expertly translated it into a tense, logical, and thrilling melodrama. *Street of Chance* has all the earmarks of being the best melodrama of 1930.

Natural Davis is a square gambler, the king of Broadway's gentlemen of chance. He is planning to give up cards—when his kid brother from Frisco turns up with the intention of running his bank roll into a fortune at the gambling table. The kid doesn't know that his brother is the famous Natural Davis.

Natural plans to have his brother cleaned by the New York gamblers and sent home broke. But the drastic cure fails when the kid's luck breaks the gamblers. The gang suspects that Natural has double-crossed them and perforce Natural must reveal his identity and enter the game. Natural pits his skill to break the kid.

But the boy's luck rides with him. Natural goes broke, and—with \$160,000 on the table—palms an ace. He cheats for the first time, with the honest intention of saving the kid.

The ace is discovered. Natural has broken the unwritten law of the gamblers. There is but one fate for those who violate the code. So Natural is "put on the spot."

You must find out Natural's fate for yourself. Suspense is gripping, I can assure you, thanks to the well knit story, the excellent direction of John Cromwell, and, most of all, William Powell's suave and distinguished performance of the big shot of the half-world.

The scenes of *Street of Chance* move up and down Broadway, in and out of locales obviously suggested by the career of the murdered Arnold Rothstein. Actually



George Marion and Greta Garbo in the talkie version of Eugene O'Neill's drama, Anna Christie.

shot in Hollywood, these dramatic moments have been superimposed upon and cut into real glimpses of the White Way. The result is highly effective.

This is the best Powell performance in a whole gallery of fine celluloid characterizations. Regis Toomey, the grinning boy detective of *Alibi*, is gorgeous as the kid brother, and sleek Kay Francis is superb as Natural's wife.

Stanley Field, too, is excellent as a Detroit racketeer with big-town ambitions.

★ ★ ★ ★ ANNA CHRISTIE

I am glad to report upon the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice in Eugene O'Neill's drama, *Anna Christie*. After



Ethelind Terry against a gastronomic background in Lord Byron of Broadway.



William Powell as the dinner-jacketed center of attention in Street of Chance. At the right he is shown with Kay Francis in the same film.

that, what remains to be said about the talkies?

The unveiling took place in a private theater on the fiftieth floor of a New York skyscraper. You will be happy to know that Miss Garbo loses nothing in the revealing of her voice. It is deep and throaty, but it is just as moving and dramatic as was the Swedish star's silent pantomime of the past.

Two weeks out of a hospital, Anna comes to her father's coal scow to rest and forget. She has learned to hate all men—until, off the Massachusetts coast, the Irish survivor of an ocean tragedy is picked up after five days on a tiny bit of wreckage. That's the drama: the battle of the old father and the young sailor for Anna.

Strange as it may seem, Marie Dressler almost steals the film from the glamorous Garbo. She is superb as a wharf derelict, a performance at once tragically humorous and compelling.

George Marion, too, is fine as the old scow captain with his hatred of that "old devil sea."

Anna Christie is beautifully photographed and expertly directed. And it starts Miss Garbo off to a bigger and greater career as a talking player.

★ ★ LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY

Not a bad idea, this—of a handsome hound of a song writer who breaks hearts here and there, dashes off a song hit about the events, and moves on to new experiences and new songs.

It was a novel by Nell Martin and now it is a talkie made by Metro-Goldwyn.



Still the talkie débuts come! This time it's Norma Talmadge's. She's shown with Gilbert Roland in New York Nights.

The story, unfortunately, has been lost in the making. It has a cast of players new to pictures—and these folks, like most of the new stage recruits, utterly lack screen personalities.

As a result, the picture is really colorless despite reels of color footage.

★ ★ NEW YORK NIGHTS

Another song writer is the central figure of this United Artists film, the first talkie of Norma Talmadge.

This deals with a drunken melody constructor, his loving wife, and their entanglements with an underworld gang. A racketeer—who is the show angel—tries to steal the wife.

The whole interest of this far-from-fresh tale lies in Miss Talmadge's audible début.

She does very well in a rôle unsuited to her.

Do you know that—

Nancy Carroll is to do a talkie version of The Rose of the Rancho? . . . The title of John McCormack's new

film is Song o' My Heart? . . . The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu is to have a sequel, which will be titled The Return of Fu Manchu? . . . Warner Oland and all the original cast will be present?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—The Rogue Song, Son of the Gods, Seven Days Leave, The Bishop Murder Case, The Laughing Lady.

Four stars—Lummox.

Package Marked FRAGILE

THE neighborhood of La Crescenta had changed considerably since Crane lived there. The big pepper trees were familiar and the school building and one or two churches (there had been seven churches, if he remembered rightly), but his own house was gone and the big white building on the corner of Raymont had been turned into a mortuary.

Crane remembered Jennie, too. She had been ten when he was twelve, and pretty enough to leave an etching of her face on the smooth hard surface of a pre-adolescent brain. He had often wondered what became of Jennie when she grew up. So they had turned her house into a funeral parlor. Crane chuckled as he idled along, peering at house numbers from the wheel of his car. Well, it wasn't Jennie he was looking for tonight. It was Juliet Crawford.

There ought to be another church on the next corner, he figured. Yes, there it was, with a fresh layer of pink stucco and a row of calla lilies across the front lawn. Crane braked his car and stared up at the stained-glass windows. La Crescenta was a lot more prosperous than when he used to "bike" up and down its length on his paper route. Too bad his mother hadn't hung on to little old 964. It would be worth something now. But regrets were endless on that subject and one wasn't alone in them.

"Why, when I came out here in nineteen-fifteen, I could have bought a business lot on Hollywood Boulevard for a thousand dollars, and Harry Culver would have sold me anything in his collection for a darn sight less!"

People with nothing better to do sat around calculating the "clear profit" of fifty thousand or so that could have been made on this or that seven-hundred-dollar lot. When Crane Harris and his mother came to California there had been no question of investment. Two hundred dollars between them, and sixty of that had gone for excess baggage on the household stuff they lugged out from Pontiac, Michigan. The house on La Crescenta had come later when they both found work; a down payment that staggered them, and thereafter installments were made with painful regularity. They had sold the place for three hundred less than they

A Story of the Right to Love

By

JANE LEVINGTON
COMFORT



who is glad her father, Will Levington Comfort, made her attend his class in writing, for there she found her talent and her husband—Paul Annixter. Two typewriters click in their California home.

Pictures by FRANCES ROGERS

paid for it, shortly before the colossal real-estate boom.

Life was like that in the far west and Crane Harris was too young to be bitter about it. He had worked hard since high school—hard and long and consistently at one job in one office, and he had gotten somewhere. His mother now owned a house on a better street than La Crescenta, and he had his sports-model roadster to step out in. Moreover, he had acquired an ambition and bright dreams of future power and influence.

All of which was written in his face: firm lines about the still boyish, ardent mouth; seriousness and intelligence blended with the humor of his gray-blue eyes. A fine face, you would have said, instantly convinced. A fine, trustworthy young man, if ever there was one. If you happened to be a mother with a marriageable daughter in the offing, you would have been grateful that such an example of young American manhood still existed. You might even have striven to interest him in said daughter.

Many mothers had striven. Valiantly. Many lovely

daughters had been intrusted to Crane's care and protection. That was the trouble. Always *intrusted* to him, these daughters:

"I just know you'll take good care of Annabel, Mr. Harris. She's such an innocent girl, my Annabel. I couldn't think of letting her go out alone with most young men, but you're so different."

SOME mothers even went so far as to add: "You'll see that Betty-Jean doesn't drink or smoke, won't you, Mr. Harris? It would break my heart to think of my daughter doing any of those awful things."

Like being handed a package marked fragile. What could a man do but handle it with care?

"I can't tell you how secure I feel to have Marjorie go out with you, Mr. Harris. It's such a sweet feeling to know there is at least one trustworthy young man in Los Angeles!"

For some years now, Crane had been taking girls out, giving them good times, and returning them, sober and unscathed, to their mothers' waiting arms. The job wasn't all it was cracked up to be. A man didn't always feel like a nursemaid on these glittering California nights, with a moon hanging up where it belonged and



For some years now, Crane had been taking girls out, giving them good times, and returning them, sober and unscathed.



For an instant longer her gaze held him. If ever he had seen a package-marked-fragile look in a mother's eyes, here it was.

purple mountains banked against a greenish, star-flecked sky. Some of the girls were not so innocent as their mothers thought. The aforementioned Betty-Jean had actually thrown him over because he was too slow. Crane hadn't known why at the time, and hadn't much cared, but something hot and unpleasant happened to him when Bus Bronson started kidding him about it.

Bus was always doing hot, unpleasant things to Crane. He had a way of making remarks that a guy ought to be knocked down for in such a way that all one did was to grin like a fool. Bus got to the girls, though. He had gotten to Betty-Jean. She was a pipe, Bus said, and laughed at Crane for swallowing her mother's line.

"Why, boy, don't you know the difference between a squab and a cluck? You're old enough!"

That sort of thing, and a lot of it. Crane's face darkened and he boiled.

There were innocent girls, though. Dumb girls. Sweet, impossible girls. Once he had had the unforgettable experience of taking a girl's first kiss. He would have known it was her first one even if she hadn't told him so. He would have known by the soft way she

crumpled in his arms, and her breath coming quick in her throat. Precisely that did not happen more than once, so far as he knew. Crane had come dangerously near to falling for that girl. Since he had often wondered what saved him, and been grateful to it—whatever it was.

He had never yet found an Annabel or a Betty-Jean worth leaving his mother for. Amusing for an evening, sometimes amusing for three or four evenings a week for three or four months. But life was a long time and a woman was a limited proposition—especially if a man was in the habit of using his head where the fair ones were concerned. A man needed to use his head if he stepped out with *nice* girls all the time—nice girls with mothers whose game was to get him.

Being gotten meant marriage and marriage meant rather more than Crane cared for. It meant, among other things, that his mother would be left alone. Not but what she was perfectly willing.

"You worry me, Crane. You ought to be getting married and I know it. So many nice girls to choose a wife from and such a fine position as you hold, and your

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PACKAGE MARKED FRAGILE]
Continued from page thirty-one

lovely car and all. Crane, if I thought it was me who was holding you back—"

A good sport, his mother. Another time she had said: "It does seem so foolish for me to be keeping house for you here when you might have a lovely young wife to look after you."

"Here?" he repeated.

"Of course. There never was a cozier home to bring a bride to, and I'd be perfectly content in an apartment somewhere—not too far off."

"You're good," he laughed. "This house is yours—don't forget that. If I get married, I'll be the one to move, not you."

"What would I want with a great big house like this—all to myself?"

"Say, who said I wanted to get married, anyhow?"

Nevertheless, there were times when he felt mighty weary of the fringes of romance. Thin silky fringes. Tantalizing rosy fringes. A kiss now and then, a breathless moment in the shadow of a doorway. Long rides into the foothills or along the

Suddenly he wished he looked wicked. Suddenly he wished he was a heartbreaker of the first and blackest water, with a record that would curdle the blood in any mother's veins. Almost he envied Bus Bronson, with his slimy eyes and his sleek slippery ways.

Trevore's was a private dance and he had one Mary Bocket to take care of, so he did not look into the Julie matter. But presently he saw Bus coming his way again, dragging a girl by the hand.

"Crane's the guy you're looking for," Bus was explaining to her as he came up. "Plenty of *It* and his car's



He saw Julie again for a brief moment before taking Mary home. "May I call?" he asked abruptly.

coast, with a girl's pretty knees close to his own, or a girl's hand in his lap. Always some darn mother's faith in him to hark back to. He wished he could find some fetching orphan—one not too far gone or too obvious to be interesting.

Bus Bronson "hoorahing" him again.

"Crane, you're a hero. I know all about you—Mary's mother was talking to me the other day. Say, youth, give me a load of this mother-killing stuff. What's your racket, anyhow? Why, dames with daughters smell me coming a block off and shuffle their young under cover. If I had your talent with the mammas plus my genius with the babies—"

IT was Bus Bronson who had introduced Crane to Juliet Crawford—last night, at Trevore's:

"I wouldn't be giving you this tip, big boy, only my present girl friend's got me where she wants me and I don't mean I'm objecting. What I'm getting at is that Julie kid—Juliet Crawford—the one with the night-club silhouette over there. She's hot. She's a knock-out, that baby, and she's due, what I mean."

Crane walked off, wishing darkly that some outraged hen ostrich would let fly at Bus' middle. Yet his own recoil irritated him, too—that inevitable kick-back against bright cracks about girls. If it wasn't for his danged puritanical strain, mothers might not trust him. Then he wouldn't have the responsibility of keeping their daughters straight,

an automobile, what I mean. Julie, this is Crane Harris, the mother-killer. Crane, this is Juliet Crawford, the slickest little stepper a guy ever cut in on."

Bus then proceeded to occupy Mary Bocket, while Crane and Juliet got together. He had his uses, had Bus, if he was a filthy-minded bum.

She seemed sort of queer to him at first. Not pretty in the ordinary sense—no bright colors or sharp outlines to arrest the eye at a glance. He kept wondering what was the matter with her face, until it occurred to him that there wasn't any rouge on it. Not a tinge. It was a childish face with plenty of forehead, and her hair was straight, except for a few sweeping points. Brown hair and hazel eyes that looked right at you, and a round head. Her unpainted mouth was full and fresh. A beautiful mouth, Crane perceived after a moment, and then went on to discover that her eyes were beautiful, and her profile and her figure. The top of her head reached the line of his chin. Very perfect, what there was of her. Moreover, she was making it easy for him.

"I don't like that Bus person very well," she said confidentially.

"I like him lots better than I did." Crane was looking at her. "How'd you meet him?" he asked.

"Here. Tonight. I don't know anybody."

"Who brought you?"

"I came with a girl. There she is over there—Bertina Powell."

"I wish I'd come alone, too," Crane said. He glanced over at his charge. Mary seemed to be getting on very well without him.

"Dance?" he asked.

Julie turned plain hoofing into a romantic experience. After five minutes of her Crane felt strong and reckless. Something else was happening to him—something lyrical. He felt youth, a rushing river of youth. It flowed through and around them both. It flowed in a torrent through the big room and down through the streets of the city. It made him blush to think of himself having an idea like that.

"You're not just a good dancer," Crane said. "You're an artist."

"Oh, no."

"Going to make a life work of it, or something?"

"I never thought of that," she said.

"I'd like to dance with you—in a marathon!"

"I'd like it, too."

"I feel as if I'd had a drink," Crane said. "Two drinks."

Juliet laughed.

It was over now and Crane dutifully returned to Mary. She seemed disposed to keep him. She scolded:

"You shouldn't have left me like that. Mother doesn't want me to be seen with Bus Bronson."

"Pardon. I thought you were well pleased with him."

"I couldn't very well run after you, could I?" she said tartly.

The rushing river of youth was lost forever. He felt like a middle-aged business man with a ten-ton load of responsibility. . . . He saw Julie again for a brief moment before taking Mary home.

"May I call?" he asked abruptly.

No outside color to confuse a blush with in Julie's case. "Why, yes," she said.

"Where do you live?"

"On La Crescenta—ten ninety-four."

"Thanks. When may I come?"

"Whenever you like."

"Then I'll come tomorrow night."

"All right."

"I'll come early. I'll come at seven."

"All right."

He went away with the picture of a smile quivering uncertainly upon a white intimate face. It was still with him when he kissed Mary good night.

She gasped. "Why, Crane! You never kissed me like that before!" She lifted her face for another one of the same and then fluttered into the house.

QUEER, coming back to his old street looking for a girl's house number. It was still light and sharply clear, the Sierra Madres to the north taking on a grape-colored luminosity in the afterglow. Another church. He remembered this one, too. La Crescenta, the street of pious parents and bad boys. Twelve years ago he had been one of its worst. Crane chuckled, recalling the day a gang of them had robbed the local hardware shop.

The poor dame who ran the candy store at the corner of Mott must have led a harassed life. Several of them used to go in with a nickel between them and come out with a dollar's worth of chocolate bars from the display counter.

He would never forget his mother's tears when his criminal tendencies were revealed to her, her face less accusing than it was heartbroken and helpless. There had been nothing to it after that but to go straight.

Ten ninety-four. The house was small, set far back from the street. There was a lot of flower garden in front. Perfectly good income property going to waste, Crane checked up on it. He leaned an elbow on his bugle and started up the walk. A pepper tree wept over the veranda. Blue iris, waist-high, in the shadows. Crane tapped the door panel, whistling to show his unconcern. Actually he had begun to tremble.

He tapped twice before the door opened. Then he was looking into the face of a middle-aged woman. Her cheek looked purple in the queer light. Her eyes looked huge, suspicious, yet the face was familiar—its whiteness, the shape of the mouth, the line of the cheek. A withered, careworn, strangely frightened edition of Juliet.

"You're Mrs. Crawford, aren't you?" he said, smiling.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[PACKAGE MARKED FRAGILE]
Continued from page thirty-three

ing. "My name's Crane Harris. Is Juliet at home?"

She seemed to shrink a couple of inches.

"Yes!" rang from within the house. "You bet I'm at home—Crane."

"Oh, that's fine—hello!"

"I'll be with you in a second!"

"Okay. Don't hurry."

The woman hadn't taken her eyes off him. Crane felt uncomfortable. "Mind if I sit down here on the porch?" he asked with his easy, pleasant smile.

She darted out and patted the pillow of the veranda's one chair.

"Thanks—you sit there," Crane said. "I'll just flop on the steps here. Keen garden you have, Mrs. Crawford. What is it that smells so sweet?"

"That's the mignonette," she said.

"Never smelled anything like it. Can I swipe one for my buttonhole?"

"They aren't much to look at," Mrs. Crawford said. "It's all in the scent."

"Say, those are the tallest iris I ever saw," Crane enthused. "You sure know how to grow flowers, Mrs. Crawford."

She was concentrating on him. "Where—" she began, but halted.

He glanced up inquiringly.

"Where did you meet Julie?"

"Oh," he laughed. "At Trevore's last night. We haven't known each other very long, you see," he added ingratiatingly. "You sure have a pretty daughter, Mrs. Crawford."

The white face turned grim. "There are lots of pretty girls." As if to infer: "If that's all you're looking for, keep away from my Julie."

"I don't mean she's just pretty," Crane hastened to add. "She's sweet, too. I mean she's a perfect peach of a girl—"

"She's not like the others. A young man wouldn't understand that, though," bitterly.

"On the contrary, Mrs. Crawford, that's just what I do understand."

She gave him a searching, half-hopeful look. "Do you?"

"You bet I do."

Juliet appeared behind the screen door. "Right with you."

"Okay," from Crane.

"She's so young," whispered the woman miserably. "She's so innocent!"

In spite of the fact that he had heard that one before, Crane was impressed. "Sure, I understand."

Juliet was between them. "Ready?"

"Where are you going?" hoarsely, from the woman.

"I don't know," defiantly. "And I don't care!"

Crane tried to laugh. "We're going for a ride, Mrs. Crawford. Say, why don't you come along?"

Girl and woman eyed him in surprise.

"Plenty of room," he urged, "and the beach will be great a night like this."

JULIET regarded him closely. The shadow of a smile crossed the other's lips.

"No, thank you. I won't go. Not tonight."

"Sure you wouldn't care to come, Mrs. Crawford?"

"No, thank you. Some other time, perhaps." Suddenly she held out her hand to him. Crane grasped it eagerly, sincerely.

"I'm glad to have met you, Mrs. Crawford."

She scurried ahead of them down the steps, stooped in the shadows for a moment, and came toward him with a small greenish blossom in her hand.

"You see, it isn't very pretty," she said. "But it smells sweet."

"It sure does," he breathed, as she tucked the flower into his lapel.

For an instant longer her gaze held him. If ever he had seen a package-marked-fragile look in a mother's

eyes, here it was, Crane thought. Yet there was faith there, too, and a kind of gratitude.

"I'll take good care of her," he promised.

Still not quite dark. Juliet had on something soft-looking and rose red. The color contrasted startlingly with her unpainted face. It pulled his eye, so that it was all he could do to focalize on the road ahead. "You're beautiful. You're beautiful," he thought. "You're the loveliest thing I ever saw." But because he felt it so keenly, because he was breathing her into his very heart, like the fragrance of the mignonette, he said merely:

"We used to live on this street. It was the first place my mother and I moved to when we came out from Michigan."

"Was it?" she responded. "Where? Which house?"

"Nine sixty-four was the number, but they've torn it down—rebuilt."

He risked another glance. Her eyes were waiting for him this time.

"It was nice of you to be so pleasant to my mother."

"I like her," Crane said.

She took a quick impatient breath. "But she's got to learn not to cling to me," she burst out unexpectedly. "I told her that today. It scared her, too."

"I'll bet it did," he murmured.

"The trouble is, she hasn't anything to think of but me," said Julie. "It isn't good for either of us."

"Mothers are funny," he commented.

"Something's got to be done about it."

"About mothers in general?"

"No, about mine. She's smothering me. She doesn't know it, but she is. And, you know, it makes me reckless."

Crane glanced round. "How?"

"I'd do almost anything—to break out, free myself. I told her so today."

"GEE!" Crane marveled. "That was a hard thing to say."

"It was, and I meant it."

"What would you do, for instance?"

"I don't know, but I won't be told when to come home nights. Not any more."

"How old are you, Julie?"

"Eighteen."

"Almost or positively?"

"Positively. She had her way with me until my last birthday. I mean she had me buffaloed. But no more."

"When was your birthday?"

"Last week."

"Oh," said Crane. He wanted to laugh, but refrained. She was in too serious, too rebellious a mood. She would have hated him for laughing, like as not. "You've got a nice mother, though," he offered. "Lots nicer than most I've met."

"I know it. If it wasn't for that, it would be easy. I mean there wouldn't be any question about it. But she's so sweet. We could be real friends if she'd only let us. I mean if she'd just let us. I mean if she'd just realize that I'm grown up."

He glanced at her sidelong. Grown up. Gee, that was funny.

"She suffers," Julie said.

"I could see that."

"If I'm a little late, she gets a chill. I'll find her standing by the door, pale and cold as a corpse. Then we have a fight. Once I was two hours late. She didn't get out of bed for three days!"

"It sure sounds like a complex," Crane muttered.

They had come out on Washington Boulevard, near Culver City. Road houses beckoned on both sides—Mammy's Shack, Plantation, The Ham Tree, Green Mill. The wide road gleamed with reflected lights, like a river.

The river of youth, thought Crane. Aloud he said:

"It's a swell night."

"That's what I was thinking."

"Shall we go down to Venice and dance?"

"I'd love to."

Three hours later. The orchestra at Pavil's had



jumped from jungle rhythms into the seductive softness of a serenade waltz. The lights dimmed appropriately and the girl in Crane's arms seemed suddenly to relax. All evening she had been tense, till now. There were worries and dreads in her and fierce young rebellions. She tried to forget them, Crane perceived, but the harder she tried, the harder they tugged at her. He could sympathize with that. He understood such things. Meanwhile she was getting to him almost painfully.

Sometimes her eyes were closed when he glanced down, and a picture fixed in his brain of how Julie would look asleep. Sometimes her face was upturned and their eyes met and she smiled. But her smile, above all, conveyed her struggle to him. Nervous and wistful and somewhat scared, her smile. It reminded him of the look Mrs. Crawford had turned to him at the last. Hang these parents, anyway. He had supposed he was getting clear of them for once.

"Due," Bus had said, no mention of family ties still to be broken. "That baby's due, what I mean." The words burned him. What did a guy like Bus Bronson know about this girl? "Julie, you're beautiful," his mind said. "Do you know what you're doing to me, Julie?" And because he could not speak those words, the force of them banked up in him till he could not speak at all. She seemed satisfied to dance in silence.

ONCE she burst out: "The trouble is I feel her all the time. Even now! Her thoughts peck at me. They say, 'Julie, come home! Julie, come home to your mother!'" She laughed distractedly.

"Do you want to go?" he asked.

"Of course not!"

"What time did you promise to be back?"

"I didn't promise anything."

"Let me know when you feel we ought to start."

"If you don't mind, I think I'll stay out real late."

"Mind!" he laughed.

And now in the dim light, under the amorous influence of the serenade waltz, she let go. There was a minute or two when she seemed to belong to him utterly. Nothing like it he had ever experienced.

They couldn't tolerate ordinary jazz after that. It beat upon them like hailstones. It injured them.

"Shall we go out?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I'd love to listen to the sea."

They walked along the Promenade slowly, arm in arm. Other couples walked there. Too many others. Little tramcars hooted at them on the way to Ocean Park and Santa Monica.

"Couldn't we go down on the sand?" Julie pleaded.

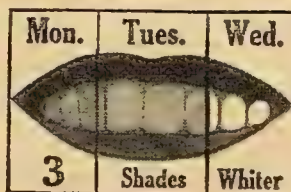
In the darkness by the water's edge they were really alone, but the sand was too heavy to walk in. They sat down. The surf lines charged at them, out of the darkness, breaking in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[PACKAGE MARKED FRAGILE] Continued from page thirty-five

phosphorescent foam at their very feet. The night was warm and moonless, with a film of stars.

"Julie," Crane whispered.

She was looking at him as though hoping he would say more. He'd be able to in another moment if it went on like this.

"I wish I could say some of the things I'm thinking."

"Can't you?" she whispered.

"Not the way they are. They'd be all broken up and funny if I tried to say them."

"I wouldn't mind that."

"Wouldn't you, Julie?"

"No, I'd like it—anything you said."

"I was thinking you're like an answer to somebody's prayers."

"Yours, Crane?"

"Sure, mine. You're like a reward—I don't know why. You're so beautiful. But, Julie, you hurt—"

Her face with its wide waiting mouth was close to his. It did not withdraw from his first kiss, nor from further kisses. Her arms opened to him. The river of youth, Crane thought. And then he did not think any more.

It was Crane who finally spoke of going home.

"Oh, yes," she said, and swept a hand through her hair. The wind was blowing now.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

"A little."

HE took off his coat and gave it to her. "I'm hot," he explained.

They plowed through the sand to the Promenade and beyond, to the deserted Speedway, off which Crane's car was parked. They drove in silence, her head against his shoulder. Once his lips touched her hair and her face lifted to him.

Washington Boulevard. The road houses still beckoned—Green Mill, The Ham Tree, Plantation. Dance music drifted out. Julie's face had a look of trance, the lips delicately parted.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

"A little."

The boulevard was still busy, but farther in toward town the streets were all but empty. Cold winds of early morning.

"Guess what time it is."

No answer. The head against his shoulder did not move. He bent to glance into her face. Eyes closed, breathing quiet and even. A queer poignant tenderness surged over him. His hand lifted to the lapel of his coat. It was still there—the little greenish sprig of mignonette. Still fragrant.

He thought of that queer smile in the dusk, the warning, yet the trust she had put into it. Package marked fragile.

He could have wept now, all to himself. Broken up, he was, but glad. Deeply glad. . . .

THE mocking birds were singing in the pepper trees on La Crescenta, but the head on his shoulder had not stirred.

"Julie."

She sat up.

"We're home."

"Oh."

"I'm going in with you, Julie."

"You aren't!"

"Yes, I am. We're going to tell her."

"But how can we?"

"How can we help it?"

"But, Crane—"

He kissed her frightened mouth. "Come on."

The door opened before they were halfway up the walk. A small figure was silhouetted against the light.

"It's us," Crane said.

She stared into their faces. Her own looked calm enough.

"Mother, are you all right?" the girl asked anxiously. "Have you worried yourself sick?"

"No, I haven't worried," came the incredible reply. "I knew you were all right tonight."

"Mrs. Crawford, we've got something to tell you," Crane began quietly. "Juliet and I are going to be married."

"Yes, I know," she said.

"Mother!" from Julie in alarm.

"I knew it when you left together this evening," said Mrs. Crawford evenly. "I know all about it and I know it's all right. The same thing happened to me with Julie's father. That's why I worried so, you see. I was afraid it might happen to Julie—with the wrong one."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

- 1—\$15,000 a year.
- 2—An animal that chews the cud.
- 3—A mild name for something disagreeable.
- 4—Natives of Bretagne or Brittany, a province of France.
- 5—Sixty and one-half feet.
- 6—A province in northwestern British India.
- 7—The metric system.
- 8—Those who accompanied Jason in his search for the Golden Fleece.
- 9—Blood relationship.
- 10—Unrime verse.
- 11—Oliver Twist.
- 12—According to strictness (of etiquette, rule, or the like).
- 13—A commissioned military officer below the rank of captain.
- 14—George Westinghouse.
- 15—Gale.
- 16—Andrew Johnson.
- 17—The office or jurisdiction of a sheriff.
- 18—Easily crumbled or reduced to powder.
- 19—David.
- 20—Transparent; limpid; translucent.



*"—I went to the Canned Goods Fair,
The prunes and the tunes were there—"*

Have you, too, heard the Cannery racket---the little tin-clad "Sound" operas and jazz numbers, so joyously welcomed here by the delicatessen set?

TO some theatre interests this is a heart-warming clamor. It means economy for them, hence greater profits.

To persons of sound musical taste, it is ludicrous and impudent—an affront to the intelligence and taste of the theatre-going public. They see in the talkies no excuse for resort to Canned Music.

If you, dear reader, are one of those who recognize that machine-made sound cannot take the place of living

orchestras and organists in the theatre . . . if you deplore impairment of musical appreciation and discouragement of musical talent . . . if you see no reason why you should forego the pleasure of real music in the theatre to enable an economy whose benefits you do not share, **TREAT YOURSELF TO A SIGH OF RELIEF. SIGN THE COUPON BELOW.** Then mail it!

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Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

The Mystery of SACCO-VANZETTI

*First of Ten Real Life Problems for Solutions of Which
Liberty Offers \$10,000*

MR. SUTHERLAND'S story of this celebrated case, begun in last week's *Liberty*, is derived from the six-volume record that was compiled in the interest of historical truth by Elihu Root, John W. Davis, Newton D. Baker, and eight other eminent lawyers. In his opening installment Mr. Sutherland, having outlined the earlier lives of Sacco and Vanzetti, recounted the crimes in the case: an attempted pay-roll holdup at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in December, 1919, and a double murder with robbery at South Braintree, in the same state, in the following April. He then told how, in July, 1920, Vanzetti was found guilty of participation in the first crime, and how, in the meantime, he and Sacco were arrested and indicted for the second. The story now reaches their trial and goes on to a conclusion.

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

prosecution and verdict, that it may help the casual reader of this story to have these two things explained.

Through generations of criminal law practice in Massachusetts it has been the custom of prosecutors to emphasize "consciousness of guilt" for the consideration of juries deliberating on a defendant's fate. What did the defendant do at the time of his arrest? What did he say? How did he act just before and just after his apprehension? Were his actions such as would indicate ignorance of the reason for his arrest? Or did he so conduct himself that the arresting officers and his immediate questioners might reasonably infer that he was cognizant of that reason?

THERE are two things not generally known in connection with the trial of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti for the murder of a South Braintree, Massachusetts, paymaster and his armed guard on April 15, 1920. So involved was the trial with radicalism, and so far-reaching were the bitterness and distortion of facts and propaganda on both sides, resulting from the



P. & A. photo

A general view of the scene outside the Dedham courthouse as Sacco and Vanzetti were removed under heavy guard after receiving sentence. They are indicated, respectively, by the arrows numbered 1 and 2.



International photo

Alvan T. Fuller, who as governor of Massachusetts declined to intervene in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Now, in the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti it was the state's allegation that their behavior showed consciousness of guilt — of the double murder at South Braintree. We shall examine this behavior presently.

It was because of the emphasis placed upon this alleged

consciousness that the prosecution was able to pile up a mighty mountain of conviction of guilt in the minds of the jurors.

And it was because of this prosecution strategy that the second thing not generally known came to pass. Radicals everywhere have insisted that Sacco and Vanzetti went to their doom, not because they had



P. & A. photos

Boston police and firemen on the alert outside the Charlestown prison wall, near the death house, shortly before Sacco and Vanzetti were electrocuted.

Webster Thayer, the judge before whom the celebrated murder case was tried.



Defense counsel, after long and searching deliberation, decided that the consciousness of guilt which the state imputed to their clients had been practically proven, and they were forced to attempt an explanation of the suspicious conduct by claiming that if Sacco and Vanzetti did show consciousness of guilt at the time of their arrest, it was consciousness of being guilty of army draft evasion and radicalism and anarchism.

Once the lawyers for the defendants, on their direct examination of their clients, had opened up this avenue to cross-examination, District Attorney Frederick J. Katzmann, in vindication of Judge Thayer's prophetic warning, leaped gleefully in—and nailed the two Italians to the cross of Yankee conservatism and 100 per cent Americanism and fear and hatred of a foreign radicalism.

In all the multitude of demurrers and petitions and appeals filed for six years by the defense, it was iterated and reiterated that Sacco and Vanzetti had been found guilty of radicalism and sentenced to death.

And to each of these charges the state calmly replied that the defense, and not the prosecution, had brought radicalism into a trial for murder; and that if the jury had chosen to consider that aspect of the situation, it was the defendants' fault and not the fault of Massachusetts.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

\$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of Sacco-Vanzetti is the first of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am going to write in my new \$10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clues, and motives will be mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers \$10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of \$500, one of \$250, one of \$100, one of \$50, and four of \$25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

committed murder, but because they were anarchists.

Yet the prosecution had nothing to do with the introduction into the trial of the radical angle. Not only did Judge Webster Thayer summarily halt every effort of the prosecution to inject into the proceedings the subject of anarchy, but after the state had rested its case and the defense lawyers had begun their evidence he solemnly warned these lawyers, time after time, that it would be more than perilous to the fate of their clients if they persisted in introducing the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were earnest anarchists and proud of it.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Simon Johnson and his wife, Ruth, lived in a little house on North Elm Street near the street-car tracks in West Bridgewater. Simon and his brothers ran a garage. On April 19, four days after the murders in South Braintree, Mike Boda, an Italian who then lived in West Bridgewater, had Johnson take his Overland car to the garage for some repair work. About 9:30 P. M. on May 5—the whole district was then being combed for the murderers—Mrs. Johnson heard a knock on her door. Her husband was in bed. She answered the summons and saw three Italians standing in the roadway near a motorcycle which had a side seat. Boda, at the door, asked for her husband, and she went inside and called him. Boda had moved to South Boston after April 19.

While Johnson was talking to Boda about the Overland, Mrs. Johnson walked down the road to the next house, where a family named Bartlett lived. She went there to telephone the police that Italians answering the general description of the killers were in front of her house.

While she was telephoning, the men at the motorcycle flashed the spotlight on the Bartlett house, having seen Mrs. Johnson going there, and with the light discovered telephone wires leading from the roof.

Boda left Johnson as Mrs. Johnson returned, and went to the motorcycle. There was animated talk in Italian, and then Boda and Orciani, another Italian, who owned the motorcycle and lived in South Boston, rode away, while the other two—Sacco and Vanzetti—walked until they could stop an interurban car which was going toward Brockton.

A little after 10 o'clock an officer boarded the street car, saw Sacco and Vanzetti in a rear seat, and arrested them as suspicious characters. They were taken to the Brockton police station, and searched and questioned.

IN Sacco's pockets were found a .32-caliber automatic pistol containing nine cartridges, and twenty-three other .32-caliber cartridges. He also carried the rough penciled draft of an invitation to attend a radical meeting at which Vanzetti was to speak.

In Vanzetti's pockets were found a revolver, fully loaded, and four shotgun shells. The police said both men made suspicious moves toward their pockets during the trip to the police station. They denied this.

Katzmann was called and took charge of the quizzing. He asked the prisoners many questions, and they answered readily. Yet in their trial a year later they frankly admitted on the stand that they had lied in practically every single answer.

They admitted these lies later because it was necessary to admit a consciousness of guilt; but they insisted that it was guilt of being radicals and not of being murderers. At the trial they said they had gone to get Boda's car so they might visit all their friends and collect radical litera-

ture to hide it or destroy it, because of the Federal raids then being made against foreign reds.

As to Sacco's pistol, he had no permit to carry one; and the state claimed, after repeated tests by its experts, that the fatal bullet taken from Alex Berardelli's body had come from that gun. Experts for the defense maintained the markings on the death bullet proved nothing.

Vanzetti lied about his pistol, saying he had bought the six-chambered weapon at different prices at a number of places. The state showed it was a five-chambered gun, and claimed it had been taken from Berardelli's pocket.

VANZETTI said he had picked up the four shells in Sacco's house a day or so before, and had intended to sell them for some small sum to be added to the communists' defense fund of the day. Sacco confirmed this, and said he had often used similar shotgun shells to kill sparrows and rabbits. Yet the four shells contained buckshot, and they were of the same

make as those found in the street after the Bridgewater holdup. Sacco further said he had bought his cartridges in one box, yet the .32 cartridges he carried were of different makes.

Sacco and Vanzetti were indicted for the double murder on September 11. They went to trial at Dedham on May 31, 1921, before Judge Thayer. Katzmann and three assistants represented the state. For Sacco there appeared Fred H. Moore, who had defended radicals in his home state of California, and William J. Callahan. It was later claimed that Moore was not sufficiently familiar with Massachusetts procedure, and that another lawyer might have saved his client. The record shows that in many instances Katzmann's objections successfully blocked Moore's questioning, and that often Judge Thayer helped him to word his interrogatories in such a way that he could get what he wanted into the record despite Katzmann.

Vanzetti's defense was in the hands of Jeremiah J. and Thomas F. McAnarney; and these often took over Moore's questioning when the latter was thwarted by the alert Katzmann. Later, Attorney William G. Thompson handled many phases of the case.

It required a week to get a jury from two panels of 875. To the very end the defense protested against the selection of the last five jurors on the ground that the second panel was not summoned legally. Yet the judge's conduct in this regard—as in every other phase of the trial—was never overruled by the higher benches.

Then came a parade of witnesses for the prosecution, identifying Sacco as one of the killers and Vanzetti as having been present in the car. The state says their various stories stood up—the defense says that cross-examination weakened their testimony. There is no question that there was much and very significant difference among some of their stories as they told them, first, to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]



International photo

An air view of the Massachusetts state prison at Charlestown, in Boston. The X marks the cell block where Sacco and Vanzetti were confined while their appeals were pending. The arrow points to the death house.



P. & A. photo
F. J. Katzmann,
the prosecutor.



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ZALO is a finer, whiter tissue than you ever bought at any price. Let a tissue sheet or two glide through your fingers . . . feel their suede-like softness . . . see how petal thin they are . . . petal clear, too! Would you have thought that so fine a tissue could be made so firm, so quickly absorbent? It is not at all glazed or flimsy. "No wonder," you'll say, "fastidious women always accept Zalo as the final evidence of quality in bathroom appointments."



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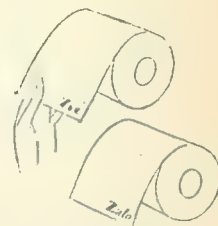


CRUMPLE a tissue or two against your cheek. They are pliant as cotton puffs . . . soft enough to use as cold cream tissue . . . never harsh or crackling!

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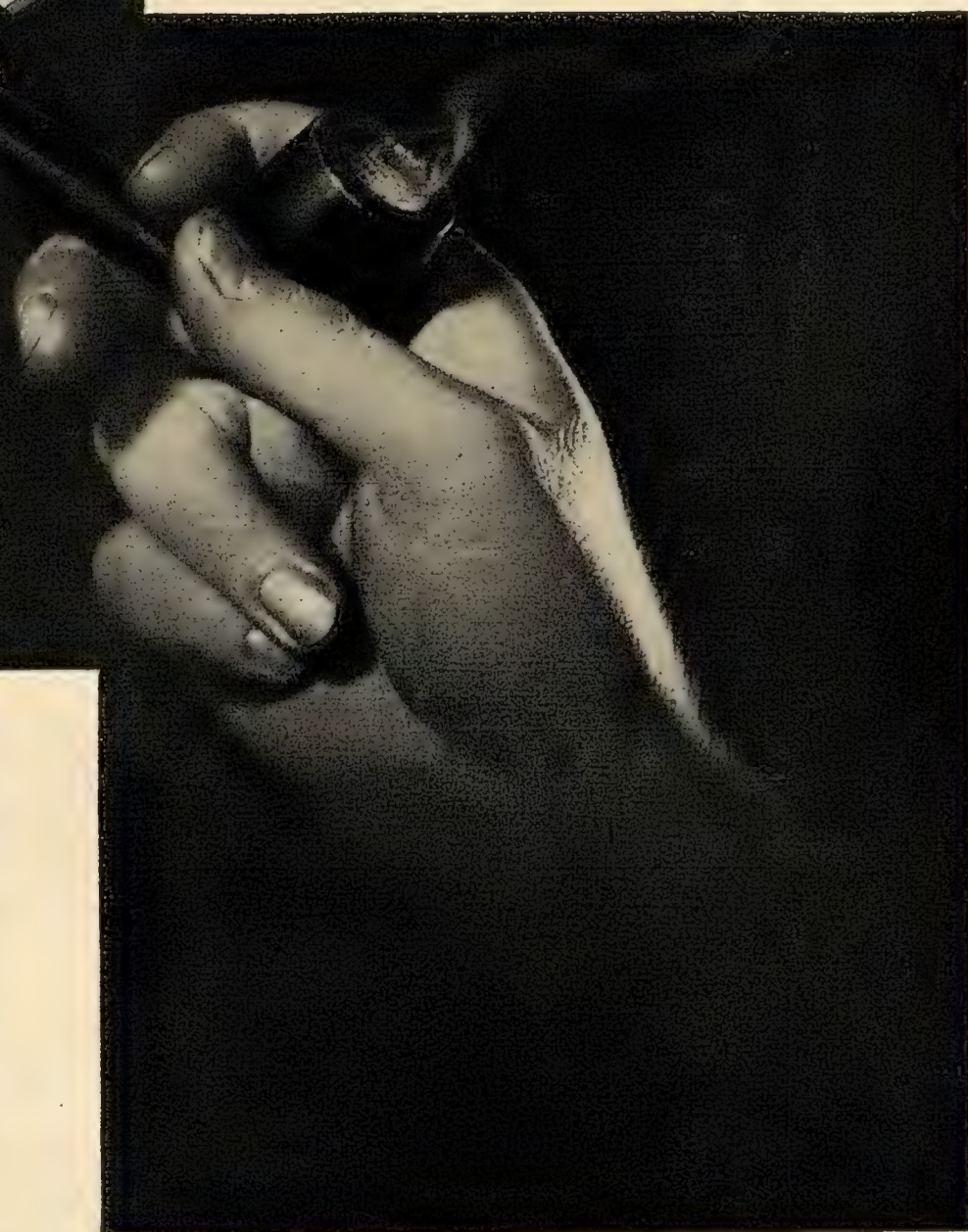
Both Zalo and Zee fit all standard projecting and recessed fixtures.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

the officers hunting the assassins; second, to the authorities after seeing Sacco and Vanzetti in jail; third, before the grand jury; fourth, at the murder trial; and, fifth, in their interviews with newspaper reporters. Yet with this last this story has nothing to do, since I am confining myself solely to the official record. There followed a parade of witnesses for the defense, nearly all of them pledging an alibi for one or the other defendant. Vanzetti himself said he was in Plymouth all day of April 15, peddling fish and talking to neighbors, both American and Italian. These corroborated him in every single detail; yet, as in the Bridgewater hold-up trial, these buyers and neighbors could not remember any incident involving Vanzetti on any other day.

Sacco's defense also was an alibi. He said that in March, 1920, his mother having died at home, he had applied for a passport to Italy at the Italian consulate in Boston. Told he must have a photograph, he said, he had some taken, and on April 15 went to Boston again. In Boston he met several friends and talked to them, and had lunch with one or two others.

When he went to the consulate the clerk told him his photograph was too big, and he must get a small one. Sacco then got a cup of coffee and saw two of the friends he had seen that morning. Then he bought some groceries and returned to his home in Stoughton about 6 P. M.

ALL of Sacco's friends testified to the veracity of the foregoing. The consulate clerk, having resigned a month or so later and returned to Italy, signed an affidavit in the United States embassy in Rome a year later that Sacco had indeed been in the Boston consulate and they had conversed as per Sacco's account.

On cross-examination these alibi witnesses suffered grievously from the penetrating questions of Katzmán. And Sacco exposed himself to a merciless salvo when Katzmán cross-examined him, particularly about his anarchistic views and his flight to Mexico to evade the conscription act.

Mr. Kelley, for whom Sacco had worked, testified that in March Sacco had resigned to go to Italy, but that he had asked him to stay until a successor could be found. He said that Sacco had asked for half a day off on April 15, to take his picture to the consulate; but had failed to return in the afternoon. Sacco admitted he had lied to Kelley the next day, saying the consulate was crowded and he couldn't be attended to until in the afternoon.

Kelley's responses to Katzmán's queries satisfied the

state, for there was considerable confusion as to when Sacco had shown him a letter from Italy about his mother's death; as to when he had first mentioned a passport; as to what he had said and done on other occasions.

As to their conduct on May 5, the day of their arrest, the defendants harmonized their explanations reasonably well, according to the defense; and not at all, according to the prosecution.

Vanzetti, following the day of the killings, had continued his radical course, visiting with communists in Boston and other places; going to New York to see about a couple of Italian prisoners being held there for deportation; and finally visiting at Sacco's house for several days, helping to pack for the trip abroad.

SACCO said he had continued to work, trying to get his passport, and that on May 5 he had gone to Boston, paid a fifteen-dollar bill he owed, got from the consulate his *Foglio de Via*—a document given a person who has lost his original native passport; called on Orciani, and ridden home to Stoughton in Orciani's motorcycle.

That afternoon about 4:30 Orciani had returned to Sacco's home with Boda, and the four had had supper. They had then decided to go to West Bridgewater and get Boda's car, to gather up the red literature.

Their arrest has been told; and it is of interest to know that Boda, at least, has not been seen from that hour to this.

Both Sacco and Vanzetti explained all this conduct, and their admitted lies following their arrest, as caused by their apprehension of Federal arrest as undesirable foreign radicals.

It cannot be denied that they made a sorry picture on the stand when Katzmán's questioning seemed (according to him) to prove that not one thing they said they did, not one lie they admitted they told, would have helped them or their radical friends as much as the truth would, even if what they now testified to was the truth. Sacco

was going to Italy anyhow and had nothing to fear in deportation proceedings, Katzmán pointed out.

Well, the testimony ended and the lawyers addressed the jury. Defense counsel passionately demanded acquittal on the ground that the state had not proven their clients guilty, and that the alibis had not been broken.

Katzmán, with equal fervor, demanded capital punishment, on the ground that the state had made out its case and that the defense was of no value. For example, he said mockingly: "Angel Guidobone was a staunch

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



The death masks of Sacco and Vanzetti, with a memorial pyramid, as they were placed on view by radicals in New York City. The masks are the white objects flanking the pyramid's base.

International photo



P. & A. photo

The Sacco-Vanzetti defense lawyers at the time of the trial. From left to right, Jeremiah J. McAnarney, Fred H. Moore, William J. Callahan, Thomas F. McAnarney, and John A. Lyons.

"When a Fellow Needs a Friend"



think of Sergeant's

WHEN "Sandy" hurt his paw, the first thing to do of course was to look in Sergeant's Dog Book and see what it said should be done about it.

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[THE MYSTERY OF SACCO-VANZETTI]

Continued from page forty-five

witness for Vanzetti's alibi. Yet what is his testimony? He says, 'I remember I had a codfish in my hand at 12:10 o'clock on April 15 because on the nineteenth I was operated on for appendicitis.'

Katzmann derided the affidavit of the consulate clerk. He insisted that such a brief and trivial conversation could not stick in the clerk's mind as distinct from the hundreds he held daily with passport applicants; that he had made no memorandum as to the date when Sacco called; and that nothing in the clerk's affidavit incontrovertibly identified April 15 as the day Sacco had shown him the large photograph.

Judge Thayer read his charge to the jury, and this body retired on July 14, the forty-fifth day of the trial, returning that evening with a verdict of guilty in the first degree, automatically consigning the prisoners to the electric chair.

Then began the prolonged fight to upset the verdict. Demurrers and motions and petitions were filed and, eventually, overruled—and months and years are covered by that word eventually. Appeals on the ground of new evidence were handed up and, eventually, turned down.

State's witnesses recanted and were called on by defense lawyers, and these prepared briefs which the higher authorities declined to admit.

Certain prisoners in other cells came forward and said they had staged the holdup and murders themselves, or knew of somebody else who had. Celestino Medeiros, a Portuguese under sentence of death for a murder, swore that he had done the South Braintree killings.

THE fate of Sacco and Vanzetti marked time while these stories were examined; and in each case Katzmann was able to file a brief showing that the voluntary confessors of the crime either knew nothing of such indispensable details as would prove they had committed it, or their having done it was physically impossible, or they were merely trying to lighten predicaments of their own.

Court after court and judge after judge were appealed to and, eventually, sustained each and all of Judge Thayer's rulings and procedures.

Judge Thayer was the storm center of a world-wide sirocco of radical hatred. He was accused of being prejudiced, violently anti-radical, deadly in his animus against the prisoners, intemperate and unfair on the bench, and most unethical and un-

seemly in his remarks between sessions of the court.

Not all of his accusers were radicals. Robert Benchley, the well known writer, for example, testified that a friend had told him at a country club one day that Thayer had just voiced a profane and unjudgelike remark about the two defendants then on trial. Yet Benchley's friend denied Benchley's story.

Others, pinned down, denied the statements ascribed to them that the judge had said this or had said that.



International photo

News photographers, reporters, and in the background, police, on their vigil outside the Charlestown prison.

THE years passed. The doomed men writhed in their plight. Their friends throughout the world displayed their sentiments by bombing American embassies, by parading before American consulates, by writing polemics to the press of every country.

Editors took sides in the controversy. Funds poured into the coffers of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, more than \$300,000 being spent on legal tactics alone, to say nothing of the vast sums disbursed for propaganda leaflets and lectures and sympathy campaigns and alienists' fees.

Governors and senators and publicists and lecturers and distinguished lawyers and personages everywhere got into the battle with interviews and round robins and personal appeals and formal demands.

Came the day when every legal recourse had been exhausted, and Sacco and Vanzetti were brought before Judge Thayer in the Dedham courtroom. There, on April 9, 1927—they had been arrested on May 5, 1920, and found guilty on July 14, 1921—they were sentenced to die. The date was set for the week beginning July 10, 1927.

There remained another hope. On May 3, in a lengthy petition, Vanzetti reviewed the proceedings against him and Sacco and prayed the governor and the council of Massachusetts to investigate the case and free them from the sentence.

Sacco declined to sign the petition, on the ground that it was a waste of ink and energy.

At this point there enters the Sacco-Vanzetti case a development whose propriety even the most rabid enemy of radicalism and radicals might properly question, and that is the action taken by Governor Alvan T. Fuller.

I mean: the men were guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, according to every competent Massachusetts authority who had jurisdiction in the matter. If Governor Fuller, after reading the record, had a reasonable

doubt as to their guilt, it was unquestionably his duty to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment.

If his investigation produced no reasonable doubt, it was his duty to reject the petition forthwith.

Instead of which, he appointed an advisory committee to review the case and report to him! This committee was composed of former Judge Robert Grant, President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, and President Samuel W. Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Distinguished gentlemen, yes, but wholly out of place in the affair.

This committee proceeded to hear counsel and witnesses. On July 27, the electrocution being held in abeyance, of course, the committee reported that the prisoners had had a fair trial, that the verdict was in accord with the facts, and that nothing subsequent to the trial had been advanced as a good and sufficient reason why the sentence of death should not be carried out.

AT midnight on Wednesday, August 3, 1927, Governor Fuller gave out his decision. Parts of it follow:

"The appeal [of May 3] has been considered without intent on my part to sustain the courts if I became convinced that an error had been committed or that the trial had been unfair to the accused.

"I realized at the outset that there were many sober-minded and conscientious men and women who were genuinely troubled about the guilt or innocence of the accused and the fairness of their trial. It seemed to me I ought to attempt to set the minds of such people at rest, if it could be done.

... I realized that I could best reassure these honest doubters by having a committee conduct an investigation entirely independent of my own. ... The final decision and responsibility was, of course, mine.

"The inquiry ... has had to do with the three questions: Was the jury trial fair? Were the accused entitled to a new trial? Are they guilty or not guilty?

"As to the first, complaint has been made that the defendants were prosecuted and convicted because they were anarchists. As a matter of fact, the issue of anarchy was brought in by them as an explanation of their suspicious conduct ... by their counsel, against the advice of Judge Thayer.

"After careful inquiry I fail to see any evidence of prejudice in the [judge's] conduct of the trial ... or that conditions in the court were prejudicial to the defendants. The judge's charge to the jury was satisfactory to counsel for the accused and no exceptions were taken to it. The Supreme Judicial Court has considered more than 250 exceptions taken during the course of the trial and has overruled them all. ... I am convinced that the trial was fairly conducted.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE MYSTERY OF SACCO-VANZETTI]

Continued from page forty-seven

"As to whether newly discovered evidence was of sufficient merit to warrant a new trial:

"After the verdict, defense counsel filed and argued before Judge Thayer seven distinct supplementary motions for a new trial, six of them

on the ground of newly discovered evidence, all of which were denied. I have examined these motions . . . to see whether they presented any valid reason for granting . . . a new trial. I am convinced that they do not. The higher court considered four of these motions . . . and declined to grant them.

"I give no weight to the Celestino Medeiros confession. It is popularly supposed that he confessed to committing this crime. In his testimony to me he could not recall the details or describe the neighborhood. He stated that the government had double-crossed him and he proposed to double-cross the government. He feels that the district attorney treated him unfairly because his two confederates in the murder for which he was convicted were given life sentences, whereas he was sentenced to death. He confessed the crime for which he was convicted. I am not impressed with his knowledge of the South Braintree murders.

"AS to the most vital question of all: are the accused guilty or not? I have reviewed the trial of Vanzetti for the Bridgewater holdup, of which he was convicted. He did not take the witness stand in his own defense; he waived the privilege of telling his own story to the jury. . . . I believe that trial was fair and that he was guilty.

"The South Braintree crime was particularly brutal . . . the murders were accomplished first, the robbery afterward. The first shot laid Berardelli low and the next dropped Parmenter. The money could have been taken then, but each was shot again and again. The plan was evidently to kill the witnesses and terrorize the bystanders."

The governor then briefly reviews

the murder trial and sees in the lies told by Sacco and Vanzetti and admitted by them proof of the untruth of their defense.

"As a result of my study of the record and my personal investigation, including interviews with a large number of witnesses," he continues, "I believe, with the jury, that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty and that the trial was fair.

"THIS crime was committed seven years ago. For six years, through dilatory methods . . . every possibility for delay has been utilized, all of which lends itself to attempts to frighten and coerce witnesses, to influence changes in testimony, to multiply by the very years of time elapsed the possibilities of error and confusion. . . . The persistent, determined efforts of an attorney of extraordinary versatility and industry, the illness of the judge, the election efforts of three district attorneys, and dilatoriness on the part of most of those concerned,

are the principal causes of delay. The delays . . . are inexcusable.

"As a result of my investigation I find no sufficient justification for executive intervention."

On August 6, a motion for revocation of sentence and for a new trial on the ground of Judge Thayer's prejudice was filed; and other petitions were entered. These were all turned down.

On August 20, defense counsel asked the United States Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari (petitions for which were submitted) and prayed Mr. Justice Holmes for a stay of proceedings. Mr. Justice Holmes denied the prayer.

On August 22, similar petitions for a stay were presented to Mr. Justice Stone of the same exalted tribunal, and he, too, denied them.

The petitions for certiorari were dismissed on October 3, 1927, because—

On August 23, Sacco and Vanzetti had been electrocuted.

Mr. Sutherland's account of another famous real life mystery will appear in next week's Liberty.

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The Lady SINS

A Short Short Story

BLAKE WASHBURN, the good-looking young lawyer, pityingly avoided the frightened eyes of the widow. He hesitated and rustled the pages of the will. The Armitage clan stiffened in their chairs. Old Henry Armitage had left them rather more than they'd expected; how much would he leave his young widow?

"... I make no bequest to my wife for reasons of which she is only too well aware..." faltered the lawyer's voice.

A combined gasp arose as eleven pairs of eyes turned to stare at Sally Armitage. The hussy! So that green little schoolma'am who'd nabbed off old Henry ten years before wasn't so dovelike as she pretended. Well, it only went to show...

Sally Armitage's ten years of repression served her in good stead. She only bit down a little harder on her lower lip, clenched the arms of her chair a trifle tighter, and went a shade paler. How he must have hated her to punish her so publicly!

The young lawyer folded the will apologetically. That old devil! Trying to get even with this meek little wisp just because he'd failed to hold her. He glanced at her. Meek little wisp? Why, say—the girl was pretty. Damned pretty!

There was a polite stampede among the relatives to reach the door. After all, there was nothing, simply nothing, that one could say to a wife who has just been disinherited for "reasons of which she is only too well aware." Who on earth *could* the man have been? Or be?

Only Melanie Sayre paused to speak to the widow. The rest of the Armitages swept on without her. They might have expected it of Melanie; she was inclined that way herself. That wild young married set—drinking, late parties.

"Buck up, Sally, old thing! I'm for you. And don't forget I can talk as fast over the phone as some other folks I know!" She nodded satirically after her scurrying relatives. Then she followed them.

For a fluent bachelor lawyer, Blake Washburn was strangely tongue-tied as he sat down beside Sally Armitage. He wondered why he'd never noticed her before. With those eyelashes, and that fair shining hair, and the kind of a mouth that—By George, the woman had charm! Mystery.

"Won't you let me try to help you, Mrs. Armitage? About your affairs?"

Sally wasn't quite penniless. The big gloomy house was in her name. And the moderate life insurance. Old Henry had overlooked that.

At length Washburn departed reluctantly, still vowing the will could be broken.

Sally was packing, and worrying about the renewal of her teacher's certificate; when the phone rang. It was Melanie Sayre inviting her to dinner.

"Just a quiet little affair, Sally. Positively not another Armitage present. After all, you sly darling, there's no valid reason why you should do the bereaved relict act, is there? Come along, honey."

Everybody there would know about the will. Could she face them? Then her chin tilted. She would.

In a black velvet frock that made her look like a faintly wicked tea rose Sally made her debut. Her flattering attentiveness (ten years with Henry had taught her

By

MARIAN CASTLE

a graduate of the University of Chicago, class of 1920—married now, and living in Denver. She is a minister's daughter and began writing short stories about two years ago.



not to interrupt), her long-lashed upward blue glances, her low voice that made every other woman sound strident, kept her surrounded by a group of somewhat astonished men.

"Isn't she adorably Dolly-Dialoguish?" Melanie whispered proudly. "I wonder who it could have been."

After that, waking in the morning became an adventure; the ringing of the telephone was Romance. Sally developed unsuspected drolleries and coquetties. She wondered how she'd ever endured a nightmare that had lasted ten years.

Her legal problems seemed to necessitate the presence of Blake Washburn in her library at least three evenings a week. But when he got there—with the glow of firelight in the curve of her throat and on the glory of her hair—his words faltered and his eyes grew hungry.

WITH painful fascination he skirted the subject of the will. He was positive it could be broken. Sally (she was "Sally" now) might have to—to tell the court exactly what Armitage had insinuated. Here he flushed.

Tell the court? Sally shrank back.

"Then I won't try to break the will. I'd rather lose the money."

Blake Washburn's face grew haggard. In that instant she knew that he loved her. And that she adored him. For a moment she was rapturous. Then the fireworks died down and the band stopped playing. Blake Washburn would never, never ask her to marry him as long as that nameless sin of hers stalked between them. Even the most tolerant of men wants to know what it is he is forgiving in the woman he loves.

But if she told him, would the world have to know? This new and hospitable world that had opened its arms to her? Her fingers twisted and untwisted.

"Blake, will you promise me you'll never tell? They'd drop me so quickly—I've never been really young before!"

The man's tortured eyes stared into the fire. A fine sweat beaded his forehead.

"Go on, Sally."

"Well, it happened like this. I had to have money. My mother needed an operation and—and Henry wouldn't give me a cent. So I—I sold the garnet set he'd given me for a wedding present. He never forgave me!"

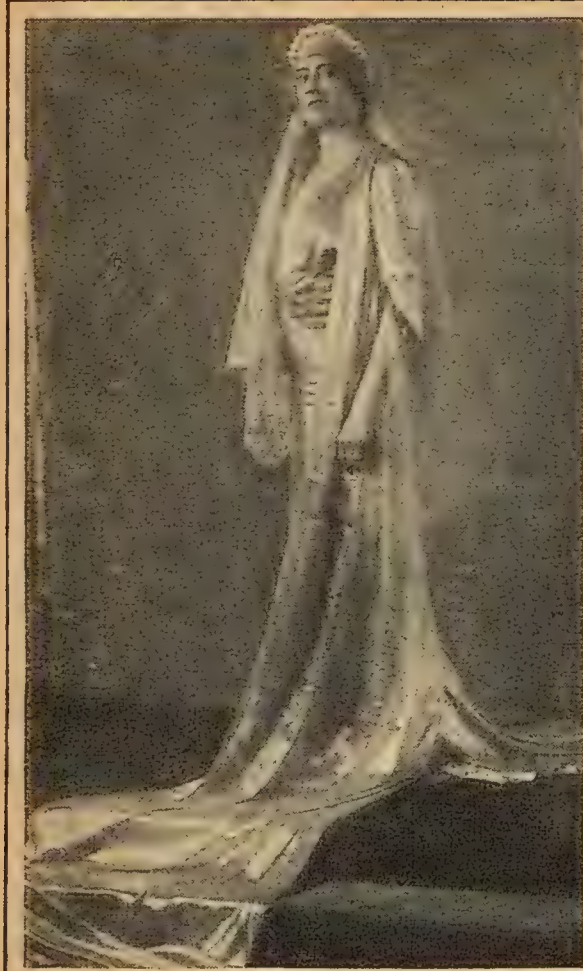
Blake Washburn looked up—speechless.

"Promise you won't make me tell, Blake. They all think it was such an *interesting* sin! If they ever found out—"

Amazement gave way to tenderness. He laughed unsteadily as he drew her toward him.

"I promise, Sally. That's the one sin that's much too good to let out of the family!"

THE END



Mrs. John Work Garrett, wife of the American Ambassador to Italy, wore at the royal wedding a gown of shimmering silver gray tinged with moonlight blue. The veil was of blue tulle.



Princess Christopher of Greece appeared in a gown of yellow velvet. The long train was made of cloth of gold, edged at the end with fur. Her jewels were diamonds and sapphires.



A niece of the King of Italy, Princess Marie Adelaide of Genoa, dressed in pale rose which was decorated with roses. Her train of cloth of silver made a beautiful setting for the gown.

Photos © Eva Barrett

The Finest Wedding Clothes in the WORLD

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

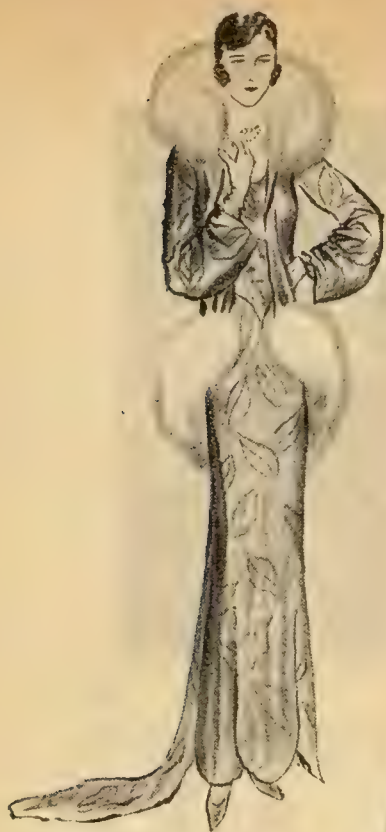
MR. and Mrs. World and all their children have seen, heard, and read about the wedding of Princess Marie José of Belgium and Crown Prince Humbert of Italy. The tall, golden-haired Princess and the handsome, dark-eyed Prince stepped right out of the fabulous tales of fairyland, and they are too good-looking

Rome.

and too much in love to be true. And as for the clothes of this fairy-tale Princess, with her fifty trunks and hundreds of costumes, you just know that there ain't no such clothes. I didn't believe a seam of them until Ventura, the great Italian couturier, began showing them to me just before the wedding. Even then, when I saw real

This royal wedding dress follows the princesse silhouette. It is of hand-woven white velvet, with a train bordered with ermine. The veil is of priceless lace.





An evening ensemble of white and real-gold lamé. The short coat, made of the same material, is trimmed with white fox.



This informal evening gown in the Princess' trousseau is made of pale blue satin, and it has a decoration of pale pink rosebuds that falls over one shoulder.



A formal evening frock from the Princess' trousseau is made of silver lamé and is worn with a court train of lamé lined with ermine.

diamond, ruby, and pearl embroidery, and cloth woven with eighteen-carat gold made up into dresses and coats, I felt there was something wrong with my eyes. There couldn't possibly be such sables and ermines and satins and velvets, such lace, such slippers! But when I saw dozens and dozens of smart, simple little ensembles, the



The Princess' favorite photograph, the one she had made especially for the Prince. She is wearing a rose lamé frock with pearl-embroidered shoulder straps.

kind that every girl dreams of wearing when she thinks of romance, I felt, well, there is something in this, after all! These clothes are genuine.

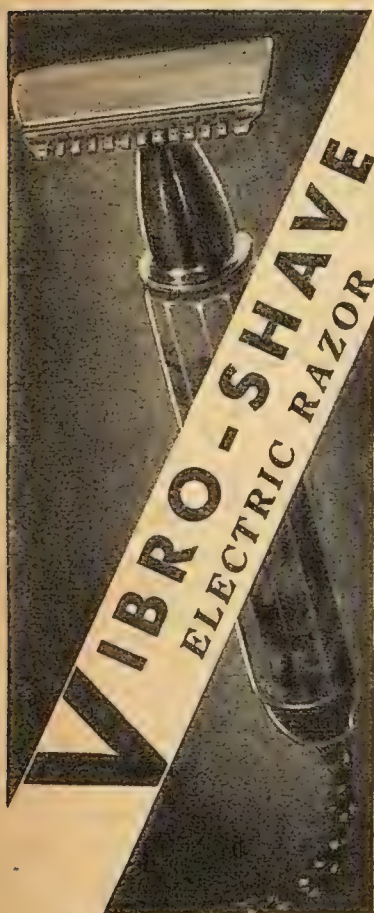
And then I took another look and realized that the others—the finest clothes in the world—were just as real.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

And how fitting for Princess Marie José, descendant of the oldest royal families of Europe, come to Rome, with its glory that was, to marry the Crown Prince, grandson of a Montenegrin shepherd, and her own true love, to divide her trousseau into two parts—the simple and the regal—one for the girl and one for the future Queen of Italy.

She chose as her trousseau colors, blue for her eyes, and white, gold, and rose for the House of Savoy; and for her intimate at-home gowns she added pale sea green. Predominating materials in her, to put it mildly, copious trousseau, are silk crêpes, such as georgette and chine satin, hand-woven velvet finer than anything I ever saw before, brocade, moiré, and delicate hand-woven woolens made in Italy.

Ventura made her six court trains, trailing many feet on the floor, embroidered in pure gold and real jewels in patterns of the seventeenth century, Empire, moyen âge, etc. These the Princess will wear for formal court functions, with dresses like the one sketched in silver lamé on page 51. One of these dresses is made of cloth of pure gold cut on medieval lines, and the moyen-âge court train goes with it.



This navy blue tailleur, worn with a pale blue satin blouse, is just the kind of simple suit the Crown Princess most prefers to wear.

WHEN the Crown Princess relapses into being merely a happy bride, off for a jaunt with her sports-loving husband, she will choose from a multitude of ensembles the blue sports suit pictured at the right, with its satin blouse tied in a bow at the neck and on one hip, clap the deep blue tam on her golden curls, and let her more royal raiment wait. This is the kind of ensemble she likes best of all.

For evening wear, away from the red tape of the court, the Princess is equipped with exquisitely simple ensembles like the one I selected for a sketch in the upper left-hand corner of page 51. Ventura made this ensemble of white and gold lamé, woven with the age-old art of the Florentines. He trimmed the short, very smart coat with white fox and lined it with pure gold cloth. The princesse frock is flared from the knees, touches the floor in front, and trails moderately at the back. Another of her favorite evening frocks, in pale blue satin trimmed with pink roses, is shown in the upper right-hand corner of page 51.

In this grandest trousseau the lingerie fills several armoires and it is all of white satin or white crêpe trimmed with rare Brussels lace. Six negligées, each one all-over embroidered in scattered flowers and lined with velvet or lamé, stand out as too beautiful for words.

The wedding dress is too famous to need description, with its ermine-bordered train and rare Brussels lace veil. The lining of that train is made every stitch by hand, with inconceivable embroidery.

In addition to these trifles, the Princess has in her trousseau scores of formal frocks, each made of cloth that was woven by master artisans of Italy and overlaid with precious-jewel embroidery, and each with its matching coat heavily laden with luxury fur.

One hundred filmy handkerchiefs rest in boxes for her use. There are hundreds of pairs of chiffon stockings, and just as many slippers in everything from leather to gold, many of them with buckles in cut stones or steel, because the Princess likes pumps with buckles.

THE END

What to Do About Jonah

Being Light on Some People's Hard-Luck Habits

By

E. E. FREE

Pictures by R. B. FULLER



There is a factory where any man who has an accident is discharged at once.

JONAH was so unlucky that the sailors threw him overboard. Ever since then unlucky people have been called Jonahs. Only recently has anyone begun to wonder what makes them unlucky.

The very word accident implies something capricious. Captain Carey Harrison of Hollywood was shot in the eye because a truck ran over a cartridge lying in the street. Charles Rawson of Wisconsin was injured because a mouse ran up the leg of an autoist, causing him to lose control of his car. Cæsar Beltram, who died at Lyons, France, had been struck five separate times by lightning. Medical annals record an individual who broke his leg six different times, each time in a quite different way.

A man named Stobb in Warsaw was killed because his breath caught fire and exploded after he had drunk some vodka. In 1929 no less than fifty-seven policyholders of the Travelers Insurance Company were injured getting in or out of bed. Stanley Brockington, a Canadian youngster, went to the hospital because he had swallowed a badge marked Safety First.

There is even a record of the Rev. John Matthews of Glendale, New York, who asked compensation from the Industrial Accident Commission for strains produced by gesturing too violently while he preached.

Odd accidents like these happen by hundreds, but the real accident problem is that of those to whom accidents happen over and over again. They are the modern Jonahs.

One of the great problems of the safety expert is to find the real reason for these Jonahs. It might save the United States five million accidents each year.

There is a chemical factory where the rule is to discharge instantly any man who has an accident. The rule seems harsh, but is believed necessary.

Two generations ago all kinds of accidents were set down as acts of God or the devil. Employers ran factories full of unprotected machinery for nearly a hundred years before anybody used wire guards and other safety devices.

Those foolish old days are over. It is now admitted to be a foolish waste, even in dollars and cents, to kill or maim one good employee and then to have to train another. Perhaps the National Safety Council is at this moment the most forward-looking institution in America.

Safety engineering has held the field for two decades; it is now the turn of safety psychology.

The chief need of this new science is facts. The usual charges of carelessness or recklessness are ruled out, for these are largely matters of what we call will or intention, and if there is any one firm fact at the bottom of modern scientific psychology, it is that bodily characteristics, instincts, and unconscious mental habits are far more important than conscious intentions.

One way to find out something is to study the hours in a factory during which accidents are most frequent.

During the day shift, most of the accidents occur late in the period of work. During the first two hours of the morning, accidents are few. They increase somewhat between ten and eleven. Between eleven o'clock and noon they reach the forenoon maximum. After the noon hour, accidents are again low for an hour or two. They reach another maximum between four and five o'clock.

THE easy assumption is that accidents are increased by fatigue, but they turn out to be related more to the speed of work than to anything else.

The greatest number of accidents to night-shift men occur within two hours after they have gone to work. Thus the four hours before and after supper time are the dangerous hours of the factory day. They mark the daily peak of excitement, the hours when it is hard to keep one's mind exclusively on the job.

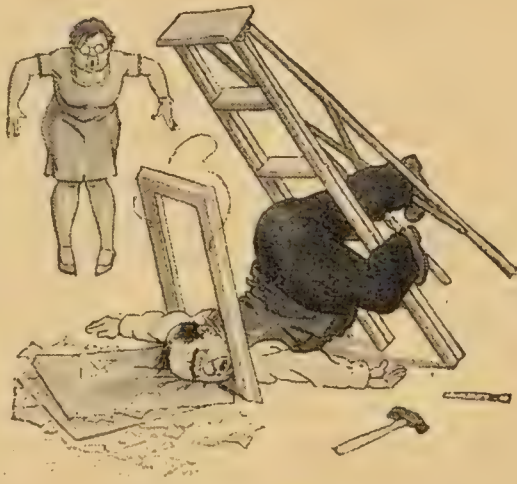
Thus, one new explanation of factory accidents scores to the credit of accident psychology. Another and even weightier score is the explanation of the accident "repeaters," Jonahs who are always getting hurt.

Two investigators of the British Industrial Fatigue Research Board, Eric Farmer and E. C. Chambers, are responsible for the solution. The repeater in industrial accidents is merely an individual, they report, who possesses a poor "æstheto-kinetic coördination."

This phrase means no more than our grandmothers meant when they said that somebody's "fingers were all thumbs." This is not exactly awkwardness. It is really a nervous defect, a lack of precise and rapid control of muscular motion by the eye or by other senses.

Mr. Farmer and Mr. Chambers made their chief psychological test on their industrial Jonahs with a strip of perforated paper, like the paper roll of a player piano, passing across a slit in front of the person being tested. This

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



At least fifty per cent of home accidents must be due to repeaters—Jonahs.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

paper had occasional small holes in it. Whenever a hole went past, the person being tested was supposed to stick a little metal pointer through it.

If a person hits every hole that goes by, he has, Mr. Farmer and Mr. Chambers conclude, an exceptional ability to coordinate eye and hand.

The poor Jonahs, on the other hand, individuals shown to be frequent inhabitants of the accident wards, do poorly in this test.

It is easy to see how lack of coordination creates factory accidents. Anton Slovak worked in Chicago at a machine that punched out metal bottoms for radio sets. While the heavy dies of the machine were raised, Anton had to lift out the metal sheet already punched and shaped, lay it to one side, quickly take a new sheet of clean, flat metal, and insert this to be punched in its turn.

The operation was easy. Other men did it half mechanically.

Anton could not get his fingers in and out of the press jaws on the proper schedule. After he lost two of them in successive accidents he took to inspecting sets when they were finished; a harder job, but one that he loves and that has never bitten him.

The trouble with Anton was neither stupidity nor carelessness, as his later record proves. He merely did not have the right kind of eyes and muscles and nerves.

THE trouble that Anton typifies is not exclusively a factory trouble, or even largely so. About twelve million accidents happen in the United States every year, one for each ten individuals in the population. Only about a third of these happen while people are at work. Another fourth are due to automobiles. Nearly as many happen at home, most of them by falling over or off something or by getting cut on glass, knives, or tin cans.

Street accidents not due to automobiles account for about a tenth of the total injuries. Sports and recreation pile up the somewhat surprising total of nearly a sixth of all accidents. Railroad travel is actually one of the safest of human actions. Less than three per cent of the year's accidents are to be laid at its door.

Through all the eight million annual accidents that do not happen at work runs the same thread of poor coordination that cost Anton Slovak his two fingers.

Probably the percentage of home accidents due to "repeaters"—otherwise Jonahs—is about the same as of factory accidents. It must be at least fifty per cent. Is there anything to

be done about all these Jonahs?

The boat for a Jonah is available and obvious. It is merely a job where it is nearly impossible for him to get hurt. People have been hurt filing letters. A British general once went through a lifetime of war and died from choking on a peanut in his London club.

BUT these are true accidents—unpredictable. The Jonahs are different.

Before long the psychologists will be able to give us tests, carefully checked by common sense, which will make Jonah-finding easy. Jonahs will be weeded out of the haz-

ardous posts of the industrial navy. Often it is possible, as Dr. W. V. Bingham recently proved, to educate Jonahs out of part of their bad habits and make them safe.

There is probably no activity which modern industry could support, and which would repay support so handsomely. A man subject to accidents endangers everyone around him. The annual losses from the poor innocent Jonahs must reach a staggering sum.

Can industry hasten the growing knowledge of these facts? Perhaps, but probably not by mere gifts of money, as might be done for many other branches of scientific research. The thing lacking just now is men. To put a psychologist on the pay roll and give him a room labeled "Laboratory" does not make him an investigator; it merely makes him an employee. The people who are to do the real work on these problems will turn up here and there as time goes on. Probably many of them will be business men, engineers, or physicians, not professional psychologists at all.

The main thing, really, is that everybody should begin thinking of the problems of accidents, in factories or at home, in terms of the one essential element—the human element.

THE END

How 100 Average Men in Every 1,000 Will Be Hurt in 1930

Hurt in factories	20
Hurt in commercial business	4
Hurt in transporting passengers and freight	3
Hurt in the mining industry	1
Hurt in farming	1
Hurt in clerical or professional jobs	1
Total hurt at work	30
Hurt in automobile collisions	5
Hurt repairing or caring for automobiles	5
Hurt when automobiles skid	3
Hurt cranking automobiles	3
Hurt getting in or out of automobiles	2
Caught in the doors or windows of automobiles	2
Struck by automobiles	2
Hurt in other automobile accidents	1
Total hurt by automobiles	23
Hurt in country or in hunting	2
Hurt playing baseball	2
Hurt playing golf	1
Hurt while swimming	1
Hurt playing tennis	1
Hurt in other sports or recreations	7
Total hurt in sports or recreations	14
Hurt by falls on pavements or roadways	5
Hurt by falls on steps or stairs	3
Hurt by falls on the ice	2
Hurt by falls on slippery floors or over rugs	1
Hurt by other varieties of falls	2
Total hurt by falling	13
Hurt by cuts on glass, knives, or other sharp objects	4
Hurt in the course of travel	4
Hurt by getting some foreign object in the eye	2
Hurt by human collisions; by running into other people or into inanimate objects	2
Struck by falling objects	1
Injured in other, miscellaneous ways	7
TOTAL	100
	20

A Little Bit of Green in the Menu

By ETHEL SOMERS

SINCE the 17th of March comes hand in hand with the first signs of spring, it is natural to associate green growing things with St. Patrick's Day. Concurrently self-respecting shops blossom out with merry green Irish harps, pipes, stove-pipe hats, and a riot of shamrock, artificial and real. With all these helps, any housewife will find it easy to introduce the chosen color of Ireland at St. Patrick's Day meals.

Shamrock Timbales

(Service for two)

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- ½ cup milk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- ¼ cup soft fresh bread crumbs
- ¼ cup grated cheese
- 1 egg
- 1 large green pepper

CUT the washed, cored green pepper into long strips and small shamrocks. Blanch by letting them stand five minutes in boiling water. Arrange attractively in oiled individual baking dishes or timbale cases. Melt the butter. Add the flour, salt, and paprika. When well blended, gradually stir in the milk, cheese, and bread crumbs. Cook and stir three minutes and then beat in the well beaten egg. Pour into the molds and set into a large pan filled one inch deep with hot water. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) from fifty to sixty minutes, or until a silver knife inserted in the center (the last part to get done) comes out clean. The exact time depends on the thickness of the timbale being baked. Let stand three minutes. Remove from the molds with the aid of a spatula and serve hot with a border of creamed peas.

Candy Potatoes

- ½ cup peanut butter
- 5 tablespoons orange juice
- ½ teaspoon grated orange rind
- ½ cup finely cut coconut
- 2½ cups confectioner's sugar
- 2 to 4 tablespoons powdered cocoa

BLEND all the ingredients except the cocoa. Roll one-half tablespoon at a time on waxed paper into potato shapes. Then roll in the cocoa and dent with the point of a fork to represent the eyes of the potato. Shake off any loose cocoa and serve. (If kept air-tight this candy will keep indefinitely.)

Shamrock Appetizers

SHAMROCK appetizers in variety may be made from bits of toast or crackers, producing the green color with the aid of green butter, colored cream cheese, chopped parsley, or chopped green pepper.

Strips of green for garnishing the menu may be made by cutting around and around the green pepper. Below, green-pepper shamrocks for decoration.



Green Butter for Appetizer Service

- 3 tablespoons cold cooked spinach finely sieved
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 fillets anchovy
- 1 teaspoon capers
- ½ teaspoon salt
- A few grains paprika

PLACE all together in a mortar or bowl and pound or work until smoothly blended and then rub through a sieve.

YOU can carry the Wearin' o' the Green right into your menu make-up for St. Patrick's Day if you consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Cream of spinach and green-pea soup, green-pepper salads, and minted beverages are among the many additional green-menu suggestions in Miss Somers' booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

- ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
 - ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
 - ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.
- [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name

Street or R. F. D.

City State 3-15-30

Stuffed Peppers

- 6 medium or 3 large green peppers
- 1 cup canned corn pulp
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg yolk slightly beaten
- ¼ cup milk or cream
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter

WASH the peppers thoroughly and remove the pointed

end. Then scoop out the core and seeds, leaving enough of the stem end to keep the base intact.

Care should be taken not to let the seeds touch wet fingers, as they produce a smarting sensation. (If large peppers are used, cut in half lengthwise and then remove the core and seeds.)

Mix the remaining ingredients, except the butter, and fill the prepared pepper shells, which have been allowed to blanch three minutes in boiling water and then drained thoroughly. Fill with the corn mixture and dot with the butter.

Place in a baking pan—the bottom of which has been covered with a half-inch layer of boiling water. This prevents the peppers from drying. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for thirty minutes, or until the corn mixture is set—that is, when a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

Green-Pepper Cocktail

- 2 small green peppers
- 2 medium-sized stalks celery
- 2 tablespoons cooked string beans
- French dressing to cover foregoing
- 2 hard-boiled egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ½ cup salad oil
- ½ tablespoon chili sauce
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 teaspoons chopped parsley
- ½ tablespoon chopped chives or onion

PUT the washed, cored green peppers in boiling water to cover for about five minutes; drain and chill. Cut into shreds one inch long or in shamrock shapes. Add the celery, diced, and the cooked string beans, finely cut. Since the color green is the thing to be accentuated for the St. Patrick's Day table, it is wise to prepare the beans by cooking in a large rather than small quantity of water and then plunging immediately into cold water, which acts to preserve the color.

Cover the prepared vegetables with French dressing to marinate and chill for at least half an hour. Meanwhile, mash the egg yolks, add the dry seasonings, gradually stir in the combined liquids (olive oil, chili sauce, and vinegar). Mix well and chill. Just before serving, drain the vegetable mixture. Dress with the chilled egg-yolk dressing and garnish with parsley and chives, if available, or onion.



Vox

In Which Everyone Seems to Be Wrong, Including the Cat

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Liberty's February 15 cover, showing two children pouring ink on a cat they have shut in a bird-cage, is not funny. Beside the kindly humor found in pictures of children and animals done by contemporary masters of line and color, it is pretty low-grade.—*Eleanor Booth Simmons.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why is Leslie Thrasher allowed to inflict on a helpless world, first his moldy-looking hero, and now a series of lessons in cruelty to animals?—*Mrs. Henry Hallam.*

DENMARK, S. C.—Reading in the Vox Pop of February 15 I see you have done it again. After showing Lil's little boy pulling the cat's tail on the January 11th issue, which brought protest from many people, you go again and show the little boy and girl pouring ink on the same cat!—*Henry Marcus.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—My ire was aroused by the first column of Vox Pop in your February 15th issue, where many of your readers were up in arms because of the pulling of a filthy cat's tail by a mere baby.

They all seemed to overlook the real wrong in that picture, and that was for the child to be playing with a filthy cat, that breeds all diseases.

I notice none of your readers wrote in regard to cruelty to man, when the goat on the cover of your January 25th issue planted all he had on the sitting-down end of the man, in that lodge initiation.

Me for less cats and stronger babies.—*Mary R. Lonkert.*

NEWARK, N. J.—Between Volstead and Leslie Thrasher, the country and the cats are going to the dogs!

Your next picture will portray your two darlings wielding butcher knives, and each holding one half of the cat!—*Suz. Simpson.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations to Mr. Thrasher on his cat covers on your January 11th and February 15th issues.

Now, may I suggest that the children tie a ribbon about the cat's neck and hang it from the mantel?

In fact, any cute little torture would do.—*E. K. Gordon.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I do not blame the Vox Poppers. Leslie Thrasher's Liberty cover for January 11, showing a boy pulling a cat's tail, was too terrible for mere words to express.

May I suggest that you have Mr. Thrasher use a little more discretion? Give these tender-hearted souls something which they are more accustomed to. Say: A prohibition officer bursting into the house in which this little boy

lives, and shooting this little boy who pulled the cat's tail.

He can claim self-defense, or that he suspicioned liquor was being sold at that address. Then everything will be hotsytotsy. Use your head, Leslie—use your head!—*Floyd A. Ozburn.*

Can an Imaginary Character Insult a Real Person?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have never missed a copy of Liberty since it has been published, but your issue of February 1 will be the last to come into my home.

In the story, "Show Girl in Hollywood," every Jewish character was printed as a vulgar and ill-mannered person, but the story was so interesting that a great many Jewish readers overlooked it.

But in your latest, "The Payoff," there is absolutely no reason why a Jewish reader should overlook such passages as: "He is Jewish Jew . . . so he will just get nowhere with me if he should try any funny stuff"—or "dirty kike"—"greasy face." At one time I thought I was reading a Ku-Klux journal.

"Show Girl" was well done, but "The Payoff" was nonsense and no Jew will read such trash without being insulted. You may be interested to know that there are many Jews in the neighborhood that feel the same way as I do.—*Solomon J. Levy.*

Eggs-actly: an Ink-ubator Guide

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why not extend your movie criticism service by giving us tips on the bad films? Would save your readers time and money and, by warning them away from the dead wood, make them more enthusiastic fans.

Just list the plays by name and grade them, say with eggs instead of stars. One egg, doubtful; two, spotted; three, addled; four, rotten.—*Jerry.*

Thank You, Captain

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am a last generation French Colonial officer. I read your story, "The Reverend Bernard Simmons, B.D.," by A. E. W. Mason. All my years in Indo-China and British India came back to life. It's observed as it is given only to the English to observe.

I felt the damp atmosphere of the jungle village, saw the little hôtel room hardly through the mosquito curtain, and experienced once more the shudder of Oriental nights. Perhaps not everybody could see in it the wonderfully living picture—but only every man who only once sat in our barracks.

I sent about 2 pounds of U. S. magazines to my brother in Oran (N. Africa) as to my former 1st lieutenant in Indo-China. Both asked me to send them Liberty, and both only asked just for this magazine. On the contrary, my Yankee friends always ask me for La Vie Parisi-

enne, and all other spicy Paris gazettes.

Mon Dieu, don't you Americans realize that Liberty is the best you possibly could get, not only here but all over the world? From Asia they ask for it. You want "better ones," having the best right here.

In a jungle night I gladly had paid half a week's capitaine salary for a copy—not only 5¢.

And the Frenchman who wrote this is not of the "Oh-la-la" but of the "Parbleu" type.—*Un Capitaine de la République Française.*

Well, Mr. Welburn, What Is the Source of the Trouble?

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In this day of better and bigger jails the splendid article, "Justice Goes to Jail," by ex-Warden John W. Snook, comes as one of the most interesting and intelligent articles on the subject to date.

The pressing question of the day is: what makes it necessary to build better and bigger jails? On treating any disease the source of the trouble is first determined. Why this same method is not applied to the crime situation is beyond comprehension.

The mere gesture of building bigger and better jails, without any intelligent application of the reason therefor, is a lazy and contemptible way around the problem.—*Nelson G. Welburn.*

Hm! So You Began to Read at Birth

LYNN, MASS.—Having finished reading "Cleopatra's Kid Sister," by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, I can truthfully say that never in my twenty-three years of existence have I so thoroughly enjoyed a story.—*R. E. B.*

How About Pediculous?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I feel embarrassed in writing you. Because I've got to tell you I spent an hour yesterday looking in the dictionary for a word to describe your rotten magazine, but couldn't find one strong enough.—*George.*

Diagnosis

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Reading has always been my diversion. I am an old man. Finding books worth reading is a problem. I am on safe ground when I read books that have stood the test of time. But I have read those over and over. When I turn to current magazines I can find little that was worth printing.

Mr. Foster, an old local bookseller, gave me a hint that put me on the right track. He says never buy a magazine that features nothing but big names. Go through the index and if you see a story by an unknown writer buy that magazine because the story must be good, to get by.

The trouble with American magazines

Pop



is they are mostly hack-written. When a writer gains notice editors want to buy more from him than he can do. I imagine it takes time and work to get a good idea for a story. Why should a writer go to that trouble if he can sell his stuff without a plot?

Liberty has printed some good stories by writers I have not known before. The trouble is they feature too many stories about jazz-crazed youth. I am fed up on that theme.—*J. Ferguson.*

Mr. Fitzgerald Is Perfectly Right—

BETHLEHEM, PA.—Just finished reading F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Girls Believe in Girls."

Title is rotten but the article is great. I'm a post-flapper myself and can speak with assurance that all he has to say is true.

Girls of today are the life of any party. Hen parties have more pep than stag parties ever hope to have. Sex is no longer taboo as a subject on mixed parties. Nine out of ten times the female of the species brings up the argument. And believe me, she knows her stuff, too.

Girls are better than they ever were before. By their frankness you know which ones are nice and which aren't. Nice girls even have a half-respect for the openly avowed bad woman. Courage of your own convictions carries more weight than a good name.

More of F. Scott, please—I could love a man like that.—*Post-Flapper.*

—and Entirely Wrong

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—I do not pretend to be the champion of my sex in general, but I do highly resent the efforts of F. Scott Fitzgerald to analyze present-day women. Evidently he has received a jolt from one and taken out his spite on the rest of us.

Cheer up, Mr. *Inventor* of the Flapper—many of us respect and even idolize your intelligence. Clean off your "specs" and take a fresh look in an opposite direction.—*Faith Murray.*

In Re No. 5: They Are No Such Thing!

BOSTON, MASS.—Just six reasons why I read Liberty:

1. Ralph Barton's "News of the World." That boy's a genius.
2. "Love Letters of an Interior Decorator." Not funny, but good wise cracks and vivid description *à la moderne.*
3. "Twenty Questions." (I get anywhere from five to fifteen right.)
4. The letters in Vox Pop. The second funniest thing in the paper, the first being No. 1, above.
5. The captions on the Vox Pop letters. "So s'castic!"
6. Easy to handle, and on the rare oc-

casions when I have a nickel to spare I buy it for company on a long street-car or train ride.

And, though it's a bit out of date, give Edward Doherty zero per cent for his "What Is Beauty in News?" Naturally, reporters have to write according to a specified style—because they must give their best, and no improvement has yet been found for that style; it is the best for its purpose.

And naturally the sports writers can be individual; their stuff is signed. If I were sure of a by-line every day, I'd be individual, too.—*Cub Reporter.*

Have a Heart, Girls

SHREVEPORT, LA.—A word about that bird from Danville, Virginia, who announced in Vox Pop that marriage is a sucker's game. He went on to say: "It is now 4:30 P. M. and I could take my choice and marry any one of several girls by 6 P. M. today." And he had the impudence to add that he's tempted to flirt with himself every time he looks in the mirror.

Whew! Evidently this so-called man thinks he is truly the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Well, if he is, I'm gonna quit prayin'.—*Louisiana Lou.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read the modest discourse on marriage contained in the letter which you headed: From a Modest Violet. My! He certainly must think he is a honey.

I never thought that these conceited men would actually flirt with themselves. That's probably the only place they can get their technique.—*Marcia Downey.*

SALINA, KAN.—I have just read the letter written by the Modest Violet from Danville. And did I laugh! Gee, he sure loves himself.

They say it pays to advertise, but one shouldn't overdo it. Therefore I'd love to meet this heart-breaker and show him one pretty woman that he can't buy pretty clothes for, sit across a table from, and marry within one and a half hours after saying, "Wilt thou?"—*Pretty, Eighteen, and Single.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Please hand an onion or a razzberry to that woman-hater from Danville, Virginia. He nearly killed me.

So he's tempted to flirt with himself every time he looks in the mirror? Huh! Some morning he's going to wake up dead, with his own arms around his neck.—*Virginia Wiggins.*

EDMONTON, CAN.—I read that awful letter from Danville, Virginia—the one signed One Who Is Well Off and Knows It. What a guy! What a guy! Where was he born—and why?—*A Stenog.*

They Sometimes Agree. For Instance—

PEABODY, MASS.—Now that Vox Pop has become an American Institution can you not arrange an annual convention? Have the first affair at Chicago where the environment ought to be fitting. Possibly some would prefer Luna Park. If they agree on anything at all, please publish it.—*Jack Quinlan.*

—on Mr. Gallico

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—More from Paul Gallico. He clicks with me. Hasn't missed yet. His latest, "But This Isn't England," is the best of all.—*F. M. R.*

VIRGINIA, MINN.—I have just read Paul Gallico's defense of American athletics and I feel as though my own hometown team had just made forty-two touchdowns and carried away the grandstand. The English athletic code would be about as welcome in America as a kangaroo in a china shop.—*A Student.*

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—Congratulations to Paul Gallico for his manly and unmincing words in "But This Isn't England." We have been so long deluged with dawdling nonsense that it is refreshing to find someone that is not afraid to say boo to a goose—the goose being the men who wrote the Carnegie Foundation report.—*P. L.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Allow me to congratulate you for publishing "But This Isn't England," by Paul Gallico.

That bird is a wizard on sports and knows how to write about 'em.—*Aristotle Markos.*

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—After reading Paul Gallico's article on college athletics I believe I could love him like a brother. I never could quite understand how any group of blue-nosed reformers, who probably never saw a real game of football in their lives, could tell us how our athletic system should be conducted.—*I. B. Elvidge.*

Disturbing Thought

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Have just finished reading Werner's "Hobson," and a great idea comes to mind.

Why not have some military authority write the story of what might have happened if Hobson had been successful in his attempt to bottle up Santiago harbor? Between tropical diseases, poor organization, and the long-range guns of Cervera, Shafter would have had a fine time reducing the town. And during the delay the Spaniards might have moved the balance of their navy across the ocean and raised merry Harry with the unprotected seacoast cities.

In fact, if the Spaniards had used their heads the war might have had a different ending.—*Glenn H. Wichman.*

*The
Adventures
of Germany's
Greatest
Woman Spy*

Miss Doctor

Translated from the German of

Hans Rudolph Berndorff

By

I. A. R. Wylie

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THIS is the first complete story of the celebrated "Mademoiselle Docteur." She was Anna Maria Lesser, a young Berlin Jewess of good family who, having drifted into the German secret service not long before the World War began, soon became the star agent and, at intervals, the headquarters assistant of her chief, Matthesius.

Last week Herr Berndorff told how she put the German high command in possession of the Belgian mobilization plans; and how, when the German espionage in France had collapsed, she went to Paris and reestablished it, installing a Greek named Constantin Coudoyanis in its Paris bureau. Suddenly she learned from a French underofficer, whom she had duped, that her presence in France was known and the hunt was up.

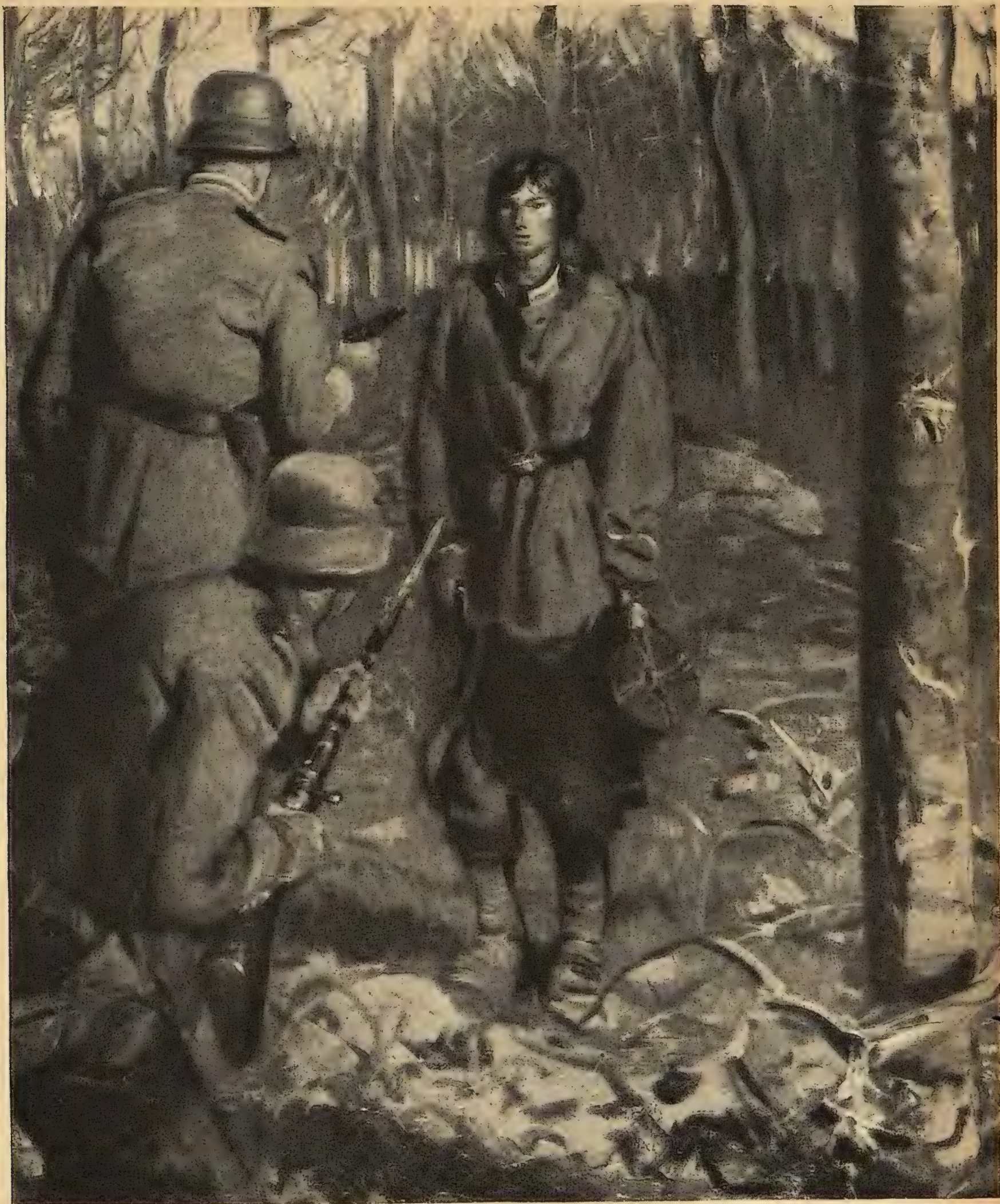
PART THREE—CONCLUSION

THE next day all the official announcements contained the news that a famous German woman spy, whose appearance they roughly indicated, was in the country, and that half a million francs would be paid for her capture.



The officer ran forward. "You are my prisoner!"

That same evening Anna Maria ordered Constantin Coudoyanis to send his fiancée, a young and pretty dancer, to Bordeaux, where, according to an advertisement in a professional paper, one of the cabarets was looking for just such a girl. Should it engage her, Anna Maria would have someone at the port who would be able to note the arrival and departure of ships and much else that might be valuable. Constantin fought against the order, but Anna Maria was inflexible and he was not the man to



In a woman's voice, the soldier exclaimed, "Thank God! Take me at once to the nearest staff officer!"

stand up to her. He at once went to his sweetheart and let her into the secret of his profession. He also told her of her mission in Bordeaux, and that she must be on her way in four days. The cabaret accepted her offer by telegram, being thankful to get anyone so cheaply.

The next evening Anna Maria had to wait a long time for her underofficer. When he appeared at last he was even more excited and nervous. "We have had a visit from a man," he said. "He has told us he can hand over

Mademoiselle Docteur to the firing squad tomorrow if we will give him a hundred thousand francs in advance. He's a Greek—called Coudoyanis. We're going to keep an eye on him, without his knowing, and tomorrow he's to come back. We are to give him the money, and then, in the night, he's to betray the woman. He says he saw her in Berlin before the war and recognized her the other day in Paris."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used *once every hour for five hours*.

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



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GLOVER'S
and you will
hold fast to
YOUR HAIR

TIME is fleeting and so is hair, unless you know how to care for it. Just hold fast to Glover's, and you'll hold fast to your hair. Get

GLOVER'S Mange Medicine

at first sign of dandruff, itchy scalp or excessive hair loss. It is **75c** the one scientific treatment embodying the advanced thought of world-famed hair experts, and proved successful by 50 years' success. Also be sure to use

GLOVER'S Medicated Soap

A perfect Glover treatment for maintaining hair health is only found when this soap is used as a shampoo. Glover's Medicated Soap is especially produced to blend with Glover's Mange Medicine, acting as an additional cleansing agent and deodorizing the scalp and hair.

At Drug and Department Stores

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
119 Fifth Avenue, New York



MISS DOCTOR [Continued from page fifty-nine]

"Will you be able to distinguish yourself when you arrest her?" asked Anna Maria, pressing his arm tenderly. "Do you think they'll promote you?"

That night Anna Maria ordered Constantin to meet her at a café. While he was driving to the rendezvous a carriage overtook him, however, and to his astonishment he found that he had been stopped by Anna Maria herself. She gave him a letter and told him quickly to go the next morning at seven o'clock to a little village on the outskirts of Paris, where a German agent would meet him and hand over 50,000 francs as a special reward for his work. In return, Constantin was to hand the agent the letter. Having given her instructions, Anna Maria left Constantin's carriage.

She knew that she was being followed, but she had expected to be, and escaped easily.

A few hours later, a figurative bomb exploded in the offices of the French secret service. A typewritten telegram was handed in declaring that Constantin himself was a German spy. An honest Frenchman who, fearing Constantin's revenge, did not dare give his name, had given the warning. And in case the authorities didn't believe him, all they had to do was to go next morning at seven o'clock to a certain inn, where they would find Constantin and on him a letter full of important military information which he was to hand over to a German agent whom he was to meet there. And in case that wasn't proof enough, they would find a certain dancer—whose address was given—Constantin's sweetheart, who knew that he was a spy and whom he had wanted to send to Bordeaux to help with the good work.

COUDOYANIS was arrested at the inn the next morning. The letter was found on him, and his sweetheart, the dancer, confessed everything. But Coudoyanis himself refused to say anything. A few days later he was condemned to death, and on the night of the execution he spoke for the first time to the captain who waited for him in his cell.

"It is perhaps useful for you to know, captain, that it is a woman who is sending me to my death." He was silent, listening to the commands

which told him that the firing squad was taking its position. Then he added, "She was very beautiful—very clever and utterly tireless. She had an influence over people that no one could resist—not even officers of the highest rank. And what she did she did, not out of greed, but out of a passion and choice. I hope, captain, for your sake, that you will never meet such a woman."

In the same hour that Constantin



"Orderlies—comrades—quick! A German spy!" The Belgian pointed at Anna Maria, who retorted, "Don't be silly. I am a South American."

met his death, Anna Maria crossed over Switzerland to Berlin.

II

IN 1917 all the warring nations were in the midst of a great recruiting campaign. Had all the military classes been called up? How had they been divided among the various units? And, above all, when would they be sufficiently trained to strengthen the enemy's ranks? These were questions that, in spite of the insistent demands of the authorities, even Herr Matthesius and Anna Maria could not answer. They had to wait until all the recruits had been called up before the spies hidden in the garrisons could send out accurate information.

A day before orders concerning this matter were sent to the chief agent in Paris, something unexpected happened. A courier arrived from Switzerland with bad news of what had been happening in the French capital. It seemed that for weeks past the counterspy section of the French secret service had had a complete list of all the most important German spies in the chief French towns. A man who had been in Monsieur Pissand's pay had committed an indiscretion which had brought about his own arrest. The authorities had not only promised him his life but a large sum of money if he would betray his

accomplices. He had not hesitated to save himself.

The chief agent in Paris added that he could not be sure how many German spies had been betrayed, as he did not know how much the traitor himself knew of their number and activities. One thing he did know, however, that he at any rate was lost, and that this would be probably his last letter. He regarded himself as a soldier and would stand his post to the end.

After Anna Maria had read this letter she handed it without a word to Matthesius. It was a hard blow to them both. If the French counter-stroke should succeed, it meant that the German army would be deprived of information at a time when the French were planning a decisive blow. As Anna Maria and Herr Matthesius realized this fact, the girl made her decision.

"I am going at once to Paris."

FOR the first time in their collaboration Matthesius made a serious attempt to dissuade her from such a dangerous enterprise. But in three days she had completed her plans. For three days Matthesius did not set eyes on her, and when at last she appeared he shouted at her:

"How did you get into this room? What do you want? Who are you?"

Even his sharp eyes hadn't recognized his old comrade. For before him stood a girl with dyed red hair, bad complexion, untidy clothes, down-at-heel shoes, mended stockings, and, above all, a very stupid face.

The same girl appeared shortly afterward at an employment bureau in Paris. She said she came from Normandy, but her recent English employers had gone home, dismissing her. She showed her testimonials, which declared her to be industrious, willing, and honest. She was offered various situations but never seemed able to make up her mind to accept them. She wandered about the streets, gaped at the monuments and big buildings, and inquired of the various concierges if they had work for her. One evening she came to the concierge of a big house in the Rue François. This house had an apparently empty basement. The first floor was taken up by offices. The second and third floors consisted of a cheap rooming establishment.

In the meantime, the chief German spies had been given instructions to make good their escape into neutral countries. The chief spy and three of his companions crossed the Spanish frontier safely. The rest were all arrested as they were about to enter the train.

And a dozen men of all nationalities proceeded by various routes to take up their posts and to carry on the work of their imprisoned or dispersed predecessors.

The house in the Rue François was no ordinary house. The offices and furnished rooms had become the headquarters of the civilian bureau

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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INCORPORATED



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MISS DOCTOR [Continued from page sixty-one.]

for counteraction against spies in France. French officers in mufti occupied the offices, and the furnished rooms were at the disposal of the French agents who arrived at all hours from every part of the world.

Lights burned there all day and night, and the rooms were full of men and women, talking and listening and constantly on the move.

Mademoiselle Docteur had never dared come near this place. For she knew that her old friend, the under-officer, was certain to be working hand in hand with the secret civilian department in the Rue François.

But as he had been recently promoted to second lieutenant in the line she no longer had anything to fear from him.

The concierge of the house, who was favorably impressed by Anna Maria's rustic and fantastically stupid but honest appearance, sent her up to the housekeeper of the rooming house. She was engaged at very low wages, to which were added her board and lodging, the latter consisting of a share in a room with three other girls. In return, she washed and scrubbed. For fourteen days she bided her time. She washed the steps, she swept out the dirty old rooms, and washed the dishes. She had only one form of respite from this hard and unfamiliar work. At the end of a day of it, weakened by a hunger which was never satisfied by the poor and dirty food, she found consolation in a morphia hypodermic.

After a fortnight of preparation, she began her real work. At night, after one o'clock, when all the officers had gone, and only two underofficers remained in charge, it was the duty of the servants to clean up. This duty was undertaken turn and turn about by the four girls. As they had to be on their feet at seven o'clock and often earlier, they detested this extra work, and when it turned out that Anna Maria was anxious to earn the extra money, they were only too pleased to let her do their share. The Normandy peasant then struck up a friendship with one of the underofficers. She often sat beside him during his night duty, and he would talk to her of his farm, which was now in the hands of the Germans, and of his wife and daughters.

ON the fourth Sunday this under-officer was on duty alone. And on that night the man saw the Normandy peasant girl with new eyes. In fact, he wondered where he had been looking all this time. For, after all, the girl was quite pretty. The usually dull and unintelligent eyes sparkled with gayety. She teased him, and while he was seated at his table, she came behind him and laughingly covered his eyes with her hands. The

delighted underofficer tried to catch hold of her. But at that moment a cloth covered his mouth and nose. He breathed in something that smelled sickly sweet, the blood roared in his temples, and he knew nothing more.

That night a girl in a blue coat left the house, and she was much prettier than the Normandy peasant girl.

And in the morning telegrams flew from the Rue François. The tele-

graph wires hummed all day, for a terrible thing had happened. An underofficer in the counterspy department had been doped. All the papers and lists concerning French spies not only in Germany but in neutral countries had been stolen. And the thief was

probably a girl who had taken a position as servant in the house.

The wires hummed in vain. In the succeeding days every unfortunate woman who tried to cross the frontier was arrested and searched and her papers were subjected to the most intense scrutiny. Without result. But in the history of World War espionage, there is an account of a woman who by secret ways stole across the French-Swiss frontier. And on the last 500 yards of French territory she traversed, three men were found—two frontier guards and one soldier—and all three had revolver shots in the breast.

III

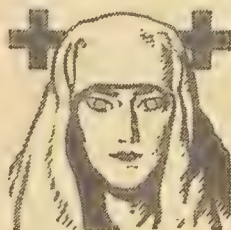
ANNA MARIA LESSER went back to work in Berlin. The events of the last years had not left her untouched. She had accustomed herself to a strange, unnatural life. For days she saw nobody. Even Matthesius was not always able to tempt her out of her room on the third floor in the Königgratzerstrasse. Even the most important information was sometimes held up for hours.

In the evening, however, she would appear. She would take her old place at Matthesius' side. Her eyes shone, her cheeks burned. Morphia and cocaine did their work for her, and on those nights her brain functioned with a brilliant and almost inspired precision

and clarity. She scarcely ate. A few pieces of toast washed down with Burgundy was her only nourishment, day in, day out. It was very seldom that Matthesius, who watched the decay of the once lovely woman with horror, was able to add a couple of eggs to her starvation diet.

In this state she received the agents who came to her late at night, checked their information, compared notes, made calculations, working with an inexhaustible energy.

The chessmen on the great board of the battlefield were now set for the last struggle. The spring offensive of 1918 had broken the western front. What was to happen next? Wherever the Germans had broken through, the enemy had withdrawn so far that only



the advance guards were in contact. And the advance posts on the French side were so strong that it was impossible to break through the veil that covered the movements of the main forces. The German leaders had no idea what their opponents intended. This uncertainty was serious.

The new spies in France were working hard, but their information was fragmentary.

It was then that Mademoiselle Docteur prepared for her last great effort. She went first to Spain, arriving in Barcelona in the spring of 1918. This time she played the part of a South American, the wife of a planter, who with large sums of money wished to devote herself to the Spanish branch of the Red Cross. She showed a business-like and valuable capacity, and her energy induced a few Spanish women to form a Spanish Red Cross delegation which requested permission to visit the field hospitals of the French army. In the end the Spanish ladies were granted their request.

It may be said that none of the seven women who accompanied Anna Maria on this journey had the remotest suspicion that they were cat's-paws. A regular motor column was organized, with two trucks laden with tobacco, linen, food, etc., and, besides that, two luxurious motor cars were provided for the personnel. Thus the journey started.

THEIR journey lay along the western front. From one field hospital to another the gentle Spanish ladies proceeded on their errand of mercy. Everywhere they were received by the French officers with the utmost courtesy. They traveled from south to north and back again, only a few hundred yards behind the front-line hospitals. One evening in the middle of August they came to a little first-aid hospital which the officers and nurses had christened "St. Marie of Our Heart."

During the day this hospital became crowded with wounded as the result of a sudden German attack. When the Spanish ladies asked the doctor in charge what they could do to help, he replied curtly, "Work."

They did not need to be told twice. They took off their motor coats and dressed themselves in their white nurses' uniforms, and in a few minutes the regular nurses found themselves reinforced by eight eager and helpful women.

Anna Maria was assigned to the matron. It was her task to take charge of the men as they left the doctors' hands and to get them into the hospital tent.

The orderlies brought two officers out of the operating room—a French General Staff officer who had received a shrapnel wound in the shoulder, and a Belgian sapper who had been made liaison officer to a French infantry regiment, and now was laid out with a bullet wound in the leg. The stretcher bearers brought these two officers into the tent, where the matron took charge of the French captain while Anna Maria took charge of the Belgian.

She put cushions under his head, and the young man, who was fully conscious, asked for a cigarette. But as she lit a match for him their eyes met, and the Belgian started violently and the color left his face. He stared at his nurse with wild eyes and struck her hand aside.

"Orderlies—comrades—quick! Here is a German spy!"

The French captain, in great pain, called back, "Who is it? Where is he?"

And the Belgian pointed at Anna Maria, who retorted coolly:

"Don't be silly. I am a member of the Spanish Red Cross. I am a South American." She said it with a good-humored smile, and added, "You are seeing ghosts, my friend." But her heart was beating wildly. She knew who the Belgian was—René Austin, with whom she had flirted and from whom she had barely escaped on the Dutch barge.

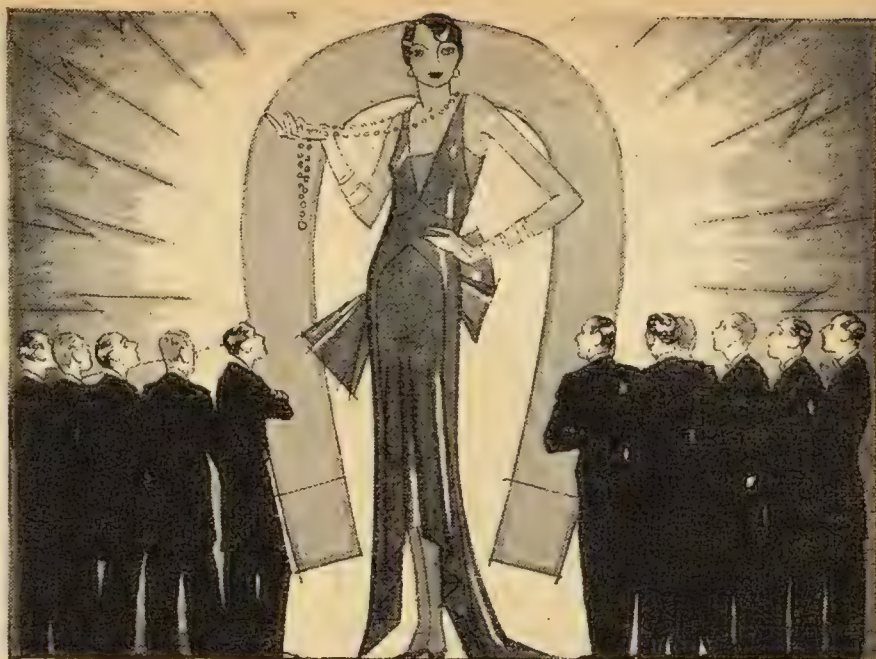
And he was not to be deceived. He sat up in his bed and shouted to the staff and the bewildered wounded:

"I am certain—I know she is a spy! She is Mademoiselle Docteur!"

At that the French captain almost sprang from his bed.

"If you are sure of it, comrade, you have made a fine haul!" And to the two doctors who had come into the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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when you revitalize and rejuvenate
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invigorates
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MISS DOCTOR

[Continued from page sixty-three]

tent to find out what the noise was about, he shouted, "Take that woman prisoner! She is a spy!"

Anna Maria bent down. She seized the officer's coat with its holster and revolver, leaped to the side of the tent, tore it open, and ran to where her automobile was parked. The doctors were close behind her, shouting, "Arrest that spy!" and two soldiers, on guard over the cars, lifted their rifles. At that the desperate woman, who had torn off her Red Cross uniform, turned aside and sprang over a hedge. She fell, pulled herself up, and ran to a near-by wood with bullets tearing up the earth at her heels. But her strength was lashed by despair and she raced through the wood, the revolver in one hand, the officer's coat over her shoulders. Her pursuers were close behind her and she was running for her life.

It was dusk by the time she reached the wood's edge, where she changed her direction toward the sound of the cannon and machine guns.

Running across a field torn by shell holes, she reached another wood. And before her lay hills.

Two hundred yards farther. She could hear the breathing of her pursuers—two soldiers with guns held in readiness. She hid behind a tree, and, as the two doomed men came past it, she fired twice.

THAT night a strange figure climbed the hillside. She wore the boots and puttees of a French soldier, a French officer's coat, and a soldier's cap. She climbed the hills of the Marne, walking composedly and every now and then stopping to look back to where detachments of soldiers with blood-hounds were hunting her in every direction. But she went on past the advanced posts, carefully avoiding the batteries and some troops who were guarding a withdrawal.

With the certainty of a sleepwalker, Mademoiselle Docteur made her way through the French lines.

A German artillery officer was suddenly startled by hearing someone moving in the wood ahead of him. With his companions, and revolver in hand, he took cover and saw a French soldier step out into the clearing.

"Halt!" he shouted. "Hands up!"

The soldier stopped unsteadily and obeyed. For a moment the officer waited, listening, but there was no other movement in the wood before him, and he ran forward, shouting: "You are my prisoner!"

He reached the soldier's side, and to his bewilderment his prisoner pulled off his cap and in a woman's voice and in German exclaimed, "Thank God! Take me at once to the nearest staff officer!"

The German was at first speechless. "Be quick!" the woman commanded. "I am a German spy and I bear the most important information!"

The young man was intelligent. He
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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee
impossibility of omission or error in
the above Index.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR] asked no more questions but accompanied his prisoner at top speed to the commander of his regiment. A car was sent for, and shortly afterward the woman fell in a dead faint at the feet of a staff officer of the army corps.

Two hours later, Mademoiselle Docteur was seated at a table telling her story to the chief of the General Staff.

A nurse had lent her a uniform and a doctor took down her information. Morphia had given her back her strength. With a map out in front of her, she was able to explain everything that she had found out on her journey behind the French lines. She marked the transport of troops; under her finger, flank movements lost their mystery. It became clear where the enemy intended to strike next.

The two officers listened to her, white to the lips, while she outlined the immense strength of the enemy. They knew who she was; they knew that they had to do with the greatest and most reliable of their spies, and that there was no hope that her terrible news was anything but true.

As Mademoiselle Docteur entered the familiar room in the house in the Königgratzerstrasse, Herr Matthesius could not hide his emotion. And as he listened to her that night, he, too, grew pale and silent, foreseeing clearly what was about to happen on the western front.

IV

IN the period of the Armistice, and to the sound of revolutionary guns, Herr Matthesius and Anna Maria set

to work in the quiet house in the Königgratzerstrasse, tearing up and burning papers, destroying maps, throwing their files into the great fireplace. The game was up.

For a time Mademoiselle Docteur kept to her rooms. One day Matthesius came to her with a proposal. Inactivity was killing him, and he had been offered new opportunities in

Budapest. He asked Anna Maria to accompany him, but she refused. She sat alone for hours by the fire, staring sightlessly into the flames.

ONCE she roused herself to make inquiries concerning her father. She was told that he was dead and that his fortune, in which of course she had no part, had been scattered to the winds.

One day she received in her desolate house a

visitor. He was an ex-officer of the old German army, and he told her that he had been the intermediary who had brought the dead Wynanky and Matthesius together. He felt, therefore, that he was under a moral obligation to take care of her. Under his care Anna Maria found temporary refuge in a little house with a garden. Nurses and doctors attended the lonely woman, but morphia and cocaine had done their deadly work. Her nervous system was ruined. In the end, accompanied by a nurse, she was sent to Switzerland, where in the midst of lovely mountain scenery she disappeared behind the walls of an asylum.

There she still lives.

It is improbable that she will ever leave the lunatic asylum.

THE END

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So Said Mother Goose

My son denied all knowledge of how my bottle of perfume, contents partly spilled, happened to be behind a radiator.

"But it couldn't walk there," I said.

"Well, mother," he replied, "didn't the plate run away with the spoon?"—Mrs. Julius Hersey, 22 Church St., Newport, R. I. * * *

A Hardened Youngster

Grandmother and Frank were starting for the grocery store when it began to rain. Frank was sent back for an umbrella. Returning, he handed it to

grandmother, saying, "You don't need to hold it over me, grandmother; I'm tough."—Mrs. F. E. Fuhr, 916 N. Lawrence, Wichita, Kans.

* * *

Why Wasn't He?

Billy was jealous of his visiting cousin and nothing could change his attitude. Thinking I had found a sympathetic bond, I said: "Just think, Billy, Tommy was born on your birthday."

His disgusted reply was, "Why wasn't he born on his own birthday?"—Lester Asheim, 1819 Twelfth Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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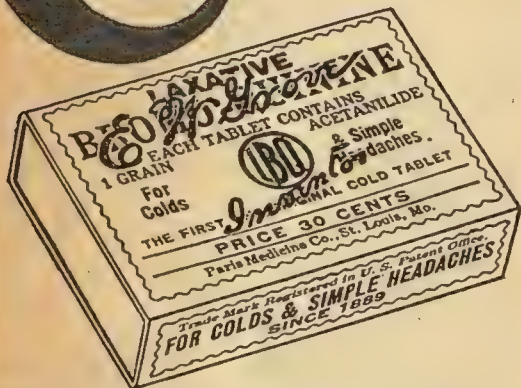
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TWO DEAD in Mystery Blaze!

In the gutted ruins of a lonely house, they found Alice Blair, once of Paris, who had kept her life so hidden from the local gossips. . . . A man lay dead in the same room. Was it all as accidental as it seemed? . . . Johnny Rorke, star reporter of the Houston Pioneer, and little Sally Lomax, society girl, turned newspaper cub from sheer boredom, thought otherwise. They proceeded to unearth one clue after another until they shook the whole structure of their city's politics. . . . In—

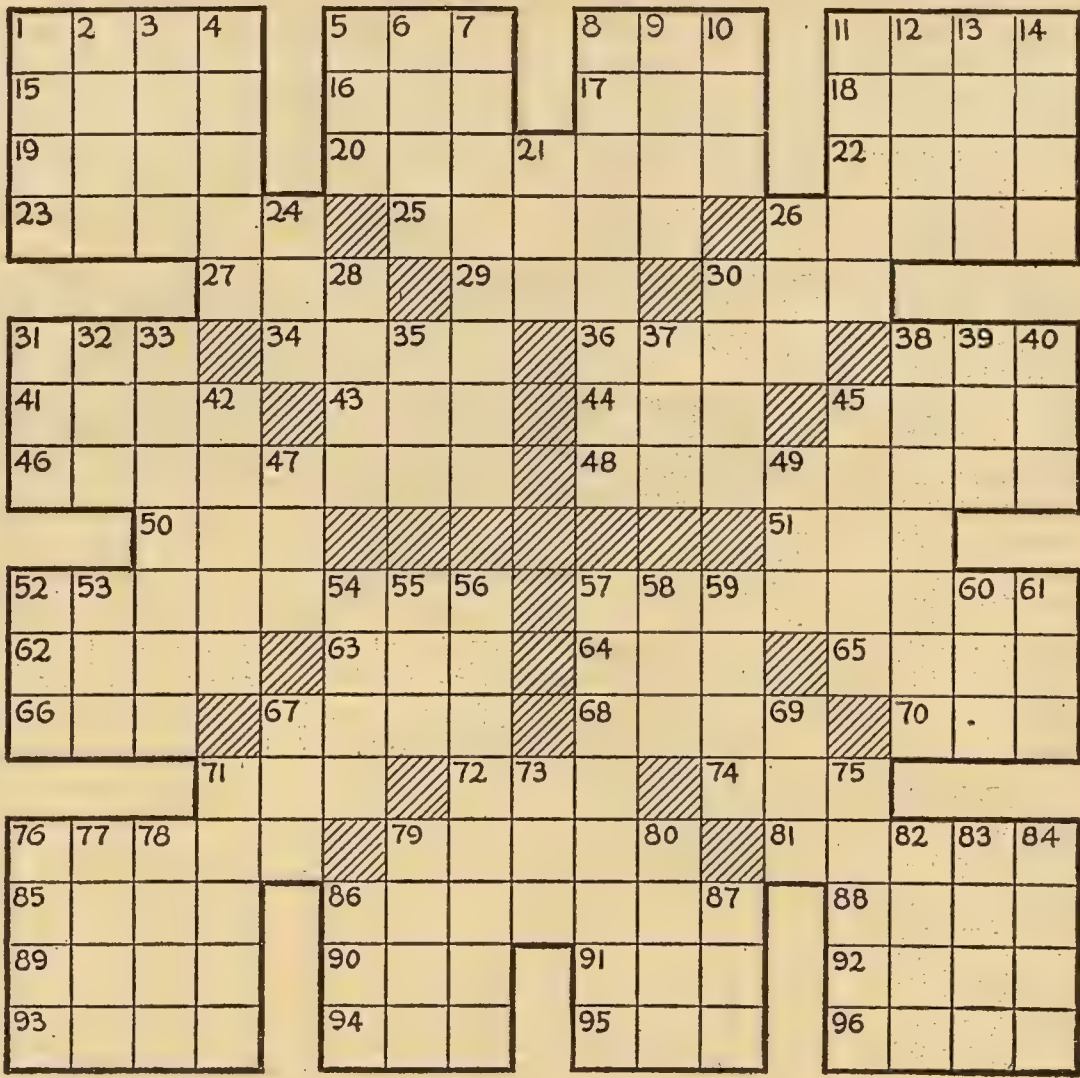
SMOKE SCREEN

by Lawrence Saunders

a swift-moving, dramatic yarn of newspapers, crooked politics, and a gigantic ring of narcotic smugglers. Watch for this new Liberty feature

Next Week!

Two New Puzzles



HORIZONTAL

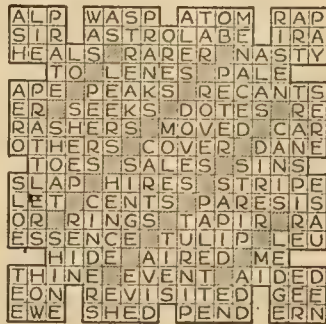
- 1 Crafts
- 5 Metric measures
- 8 Corded fabric
- 11 Babble
- 15 Separate
- 16 Sandpiper
- 17 Period
- 18 Light cotton fabric
- 19 American Indian
- 20 A statehouse
- 22 In
- 23 Repulse
- 25 Rodents of South America
- 26 A flower
- 27 Margin
- 29 Brazilian coin
- 30 An equine
- 31 By
- 34 River in Brazil
- 36 To notch
- 38 To place or set
- 41 Always
- 43 Pithy saying
- 44 Sooner than
- 45 Relieve of strain
- 46 A line of bold cliffs
- 48 Abandoned
- 50 Devoured
- 51 Seafaring man
- 52 Purged
- 57 Makers
- 62 Strikes with fear
- 63 Hail!
- 64 Affirmative vote
- 65 Hodgepodge
- 66 Man's nickname
- 67 Prussian seaport
- 68 Small valley
- 70 Watch clandestinely
- 71 Fastening device
- 72 Compass point
- 74 Undermine
- 76 Haste; rapidity
- 79 Extreme bodily pain

- 81 A king of Phrygia
- 85 Kind of wine
- 86 Cursory looks
- 88 Knowledge; learning
- 89 Otherwise
- 90 Cereal grain
- 91 Note of Guido's original scale
- 92 Deviation from virtue
- 93 A ruminant
- 94 A mound
- 95 Crafty
- 96 Distribute

VERTICAL

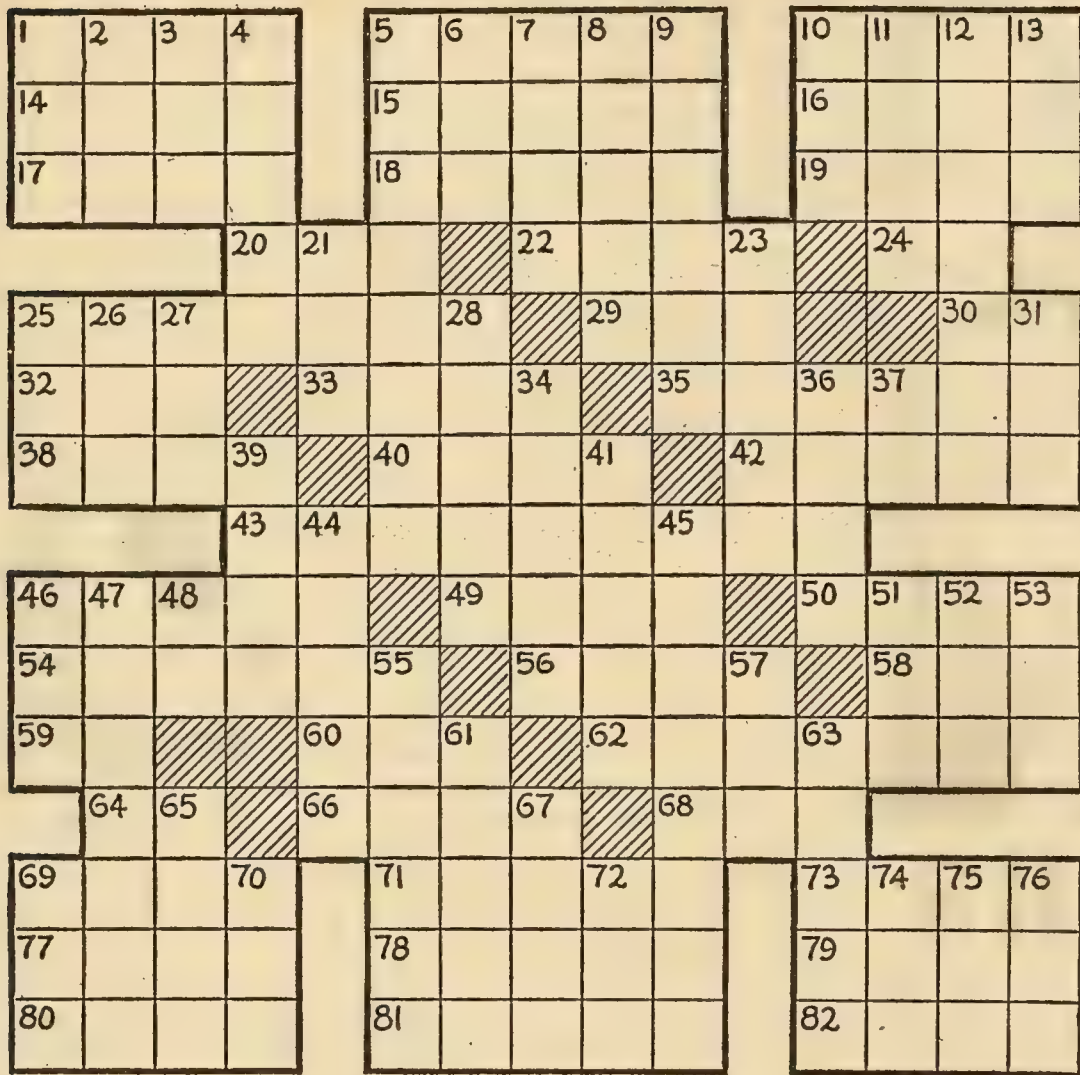
- 1 Imitator
- 2 Scarce; unusual
- 3 Move the feet nimbly
- 4 Guide
- 5 Portion of a circle
- 6 Harvest
- 7 To part
- 8 Kept
- 9 God of love
- 10 Comrade
- 11 Exalted happiness
- 12 Loaned
- 13 Poker stake
- 14 Rude person
- 21 To frost
- 24 Rim, as of a cup

- 26 Request
- 28 Parent
- 30 Playing cards
- 31 Vigor (slang)
- 32 Woman's name
- 33 Told
- 35 Measure of length
- 37 Anger
- 38 Guards who go the rounds (military)
- 39 Utility
- 40 Spread, as hay for drying
- 42 Ceremonies
- 45 Muse of lyric and amatory poetry
- 47 East Indian weight
- 49 Greek letter
- 52 Son of Jacob
- 53 Sheep
- 54 Profit
- 55 Evening
- 56 To commission; depute; authorize
- 57 Modulation of any sound (plural)
- 58 Cereal grain
- 59 Fishes
- 60 Tear
- 61 Chinese bean
- 67 Young antelope
- 69 Beat (colloquial)
- 71 Man's name
- 73 A descendant
- 75 Stacked
- 76 Hastened
- 77 A spar
- 78 Gaelic
- 79 Wings
- 80 Shout
- 82 Pigeon
- 83 A song
- 84 Transfer for a consideration
- 86 Obtained
- 87 Utter



Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



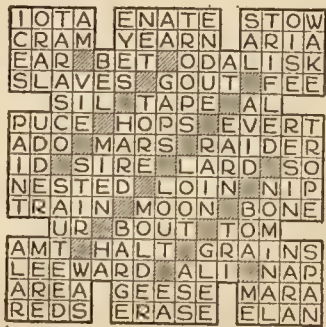
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Strike forcibly and noisily against something
- 5 Clothes with authority or power
- 10 An outbuilding
- 14 River in France and Belgium
- 15 Pertaining to ancient Troy
- 16 Sharpen
- 17 A genus of water scorpions
- 18 To allay; quench
- 19 Otherwise
- 20 Resinous substance secreted by a scale insect
- 22 Repair
- 24 Printer's measure
- 25 County in southwest Tennessee
- 29 Stitch
- 30 Arboreal animal
- 32 Hovel
- 33 Stepped heavily
- 35 River in England
- 38 Priest of a Mohammedan mosque
- 40 Declare
- 42 Citrous fruit (pl.)
- 43 Indecipherable
- 46 A goddess of fate or destiny (Greek mythology)
- 49 Dry and withered
- 50 Having the particular quality specified
- 54 Thrown into ecstasy
- 56 Sea mammal
- 58 Monkey of the genus Cebus
- 59 An element (symbol)
- 60 Prior
- 62 Cattle dealers

- 64 Eldest born of Chaos (Greek mythology)
- 66 Italian coin
- 68 Female hare
- 69 Bound
- 71 Resolve a sentence into its elements
- 73 Field of granular snow
- 77 Gaelic
- 78 Species of willow
- 79 Eager; astir
- 80 Employer
- 81 Strikes out
- 82 Yearn

VERTICAL

- 1 A descendant
- 2 The lay, as of land
- 3 A reptile
- 4 Ground grain (pl.)
- 5 Pertaining to the viscera
- 6 Measure of length
- 7 Asiatic kingdom
- 8 Gains control of
- 9 Divisions of a drama
- 10 Pronoun
- 11 Cavity
- 12 To take by wiles, stratagem, or deceit



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 13 Lake in Scotland
- 21 Monetary unit of an Asiatic country
- 23 Live
- 25 A letter of the Greek alphabet
- 26 Sing with closed lips
- 27 Letter of the Greek alphabet
- 28 Wanders
- 31 Those who are in political power
- 34 Formerly chief magistrates in Venice
- 36 Contends against
- 37 Prefix
- 39 Star in the constellation Cetus
- 41 Telegraphed
- 44 Continuation of a coat collar
- 45 Those who oppose or set at defiance
- 46 Confronted
- 47 Wild asses of western India
- 48 Adjective suffix
- 51 Employment
- 52 A vehicle
- 53 Pronoun
- 55 A stand
- 57 Game of cards
- 61 Obliterate
- 63 Capable of being obtained for money or other consideration
- 65 Comfort
- 67 Seed covering
- 69 Monetary unit of Roumania
- 70 By
- 72 Comprehend
- 74 Self
- 75 Title used with some German names
- 76 Ovule

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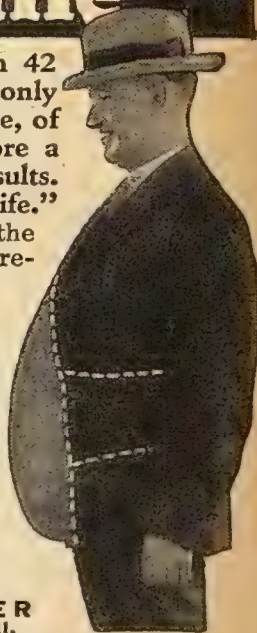
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After the
Stormy Words
Send her a
Rainbow of

FLOWERS



National Flower and Garden Show—Minneapolis—March 29-April 6

Home Office Gets Shock

—and wired
“what’s up”
when the sales
jumped 50%

IT'S a wise man that knows when he is slipping. Mr. R. F. Myers of 711 Rosedale Street, Baltimore, had the good fortune to get his tip straight from one of his doctor customers.

For two years he had been driving from town to town, and naturally this threw his elimination out of shape. He felt himself slipping. Cathartics only made him worse. Then one day he was calling on a wise old physician, and asked his advice. “What you need, my boy,” said the doctor, “is a simple, easy, normal way to clean the poisons out of your system—we all have them—and with your kind of work they certainly cut down efficiency. Why don't you try Nujol?”

“Well, believe it or not,” says Mr. Myers, “in a few days I felt like a new man. ‘What's got into you?’ wired the home office, ‘your business has increased 50 per cent!’”

Crystal-clear Nujol, colorless and tasteless as pure water, is not a medicine and contains



no drugs. It is perfectly harmless, forms no habit. It is simply bodily lubrication, which everybody needs, including you!

Why put off good health any longer? Go into any good drug store and get a bottle of Nujol in its sealed package. It costs only a few cents, and it makes you feel like a million dollars. Maybe you can increase your efficiency 50 per cent too!

Send for free 24-page book “Getting the Most Out of Life.” Address Nujol Laboratories, Dept. 12-B, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

Mother o' Mine

A NEW FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

“SAY, can't you gimme the right number?” Lil's new neighbor, Mrs. Smithers, demanded over the telephone. “First I got a delicatessen and then the Observatory of Music!” She hung up the receiver as though she were pulling her worst enemy's ear.

“Don't get mad, mother,” Gwen said from behind her doll house. “Don't get mad. Don't get mad.”

“Get my glasses!” Mrs. Smithers snapped from her green chaise longue. “They're in my purse somewhere.”

“Which purse, mother?” Gwen called out, opening and shutting bureau drawers.

“The white bead bag. Isn't it there? My glasses are in my white bead bag. I know. I ought to know. Didn't I have them last night at the speakeasy?”

“I wasn't there,” Gwen said. “But your bead bag ain't here. You must've lost it. That's too bad. Don't you love the red flowers on it?”

“I never noticed 'em. I'm too busy. Get the telephone book and look up the Fiora Beauty Parlor. Never mind. Hand mother another pack of Old Floradinos.”

Little Gwen was a veteran at running that errand! She flew to the cluttered closet. She stood on tiptoe on a shoeshine stool and took a box of Old Floradinos from the carton at the edge of the first shelf.

“Oh, I nearly forgot!” she told her mother in a scared hollow voice. “Last night when you and daddy was out, a man come and rung the bell. Tess was in the kitchen, kissin' a man. So I went to the door an'—an'—”

“And what?” Mrs. Smithers asked, lighting a cigarette. She picked tobacco from her tongue.

“So I went to the door, an' a man said, ‘I want seven quarts.’ I said you was at a—”

“Speak easy,” her mother whispered. “Sh-sh!”

“That's what I said,” Gwen whispered. “A speakeasy. He's comin' tonight to see you.”

Mrs. Smithers was lolling on her chaise longue. That's what she liked best about married life. She could loll around and smoke all day. She deserved it, she told herself. She'd never been introduced to leisure until she met Mr. Smithers. For ten years her only home had been a vaudeville circuit. And just when she couldn't stand a one-night stand one night longer, Mr. Smithers had called at her dressing room in Tulsa. Marriage was a cinch after vaudeville.

“Turn on the water,” she told Gwen between puffs.

“Going to take a bath?” Gwen asked innocently.

“No, a little bracer.” Then she yelled with the full power of her smoke-filled lungs, “Tess, ICE!”

Gwen turned on the water and let it run until Tess appeared at the door with a glass and ice. Then, like the bartender's daughter in naughty books of the gay nineties, she filled her mother's tumbler half full.

“Ah-ah, this'll take away my headache,” Mrs. Smithers sighed, producing a flask from under a pillow.

Gwen watched her tip it over the glass and gulp down most of this favorite panacea for domestic worries.

“Take your doll and play in some other room,” she was told impatiently. “I need quiet!”

And Gwen, who looked like a meadow flower in her little pink dress, kissed her mother on the forehead. “Yes, mother o' mine,” she said sweetly.

(Next week's cover adventure: *Income Tax*)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater



This week's cover picture.

The volume of peace talk today
indicates the brewing of war.



Are

“Peace Bugs”

Talking Us into the Next War?

By

HARPER LEECH

Pictures by OTHO CUSHING

IN a business way the modern world is all set for a considerable period of peace. Scientists and engineers have gone far toward substituting coal, oil, and waterfalls for the agricultural products from which came the man and animal power, once the only sources of the world's wealth and income. By so doing they have eliminated for many years to come some of the most fecund and frequent causes of war from the world.

So far as the much touted “economic causes of war” are concerned, we might confidently look forward to at least half a century without any major conflict among the nations. As long as the output of mechanical and electrical power can keep ahead of world baby production, big wars, as distinguished from little colonial scraps and policing by the marines, will have to come from what we call, for lack of a better name, psychological causes.

However, the psychological causes are now very much

in evidence, and the next war will probably come far ahead of any sufficient economic reason for it. Strangely enough, the volume of peace talk in the world today indicates the brewing of war, and there is little doubt that pacifists

and peacemongers will contribute the “trigger energy” which will set off the next explosion.

If militarists, jingoes, superpatriots, and such—to use a few of the epithets which we see so freely interspersed in pacifist lingo—yearn for war, as charged, they should be vastly gratified at the sweep of pacifist hysteria among certain social groups.

At first sight this statement may read like a preposterous paradox, notwithstanding it is almost historical commonplace that military men have given the world the few intervals of peace that it has experienced, and those people who have most loudly voiced abhorrence of war have often been Mars' best salesmen.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ARE "PEACE BUGS" TALKING US INTO THE NEXT WAR?]

Continued from preceding page

To get this thing straight, it is necessary to analyze the sources of the peace talk which bulks so largely in the world of print and oratory today, but which appears to leave the great masses of mankind bored almost to tears.

In a recent agitation against military training at a western state university it was found that the doctrines of pacifism and nonresistance were dominant among the professors and instructors of all the departments except those teaching engineering, technical, and professional subjects.

When President Wilson sought to submerge the identity of the United States in an international superstate sponsored by international financiers on the one hand and by the milk-and-water brand of socialists on the other, it was notable that he had the support of the great majority of clergymen, college professors, school-teachers, social workers, intellectuals, and those newspapers distinguished for the snooty appeal rather than for massive circulations.

There is a very profound significance in this division of opinion. A thousand signs indicate that the interest in schemes of world peace and international government is largely confined to those social groups which are not in harmony with the main current of modern life. The reason for this is not at all obscure.

Engineers and scientists have created a new world in which the more virile elements—youth, workingmen, industrial leaders, and such—are living colorful lives of intense activity and interest. However, industrialists, engineers, and workingmen are notoriously of the extrovert type of humanity. They are interested in the world of things without and in life as it is lived, and are usually incompetent to analyze or interpret either.

Classes who lead lives which are relatively cloistered and remote from the main trend of the times do most of the writing and talking. They are the custodians of the traditions, knowledge, and culture which have been handed down from preceding generations, and of necessity they attempt to interpret the present in terms of the past.

The thoughts and emotions which arise from new living conditions can only be expressed in language developed in earlier eras, and therefore those whose life work is largely concerned with the mobilization and marshaling of words cannot keep abreast of human evolution.

This was what former President Roosevelt meant when he spoke of pacifists as "Byzantine logothetes."

Even so versatile and fluent an extrovert as Theodore Roosevelt could not put into words all that he knew as to how life had speeded ahead of the pedants, who in his day attempted to discuss world affairs in the terms of an outworn age. It is significant also that those social groups who have become so obsessed with the idea of world peace are precisely the groups who are most vocal in their dislike of the so-called machine age.

FOR generations they have filled the world with lamentation about the supposedly deadening effect of machine industries upon the human spirit, and until very recently they failed entirely to note the invigorating and inspiring effect which the command of power-driven machinery has exercised upon the lives of the masses.

These groups, so out of harmony with the modern world, are a dangerous survival, exactly as the presence of an ox cart or a hay wagon upon a crowded highway is a peril to auto traffic. The volume of their clamor has an effect upon national policies, not because it represents any great amount of popular sentiment, but because it can so easily frighten and coerce the professional politician, himself living a sort of insulated life from the fact that politics has become a very minor human interest in this day when the woe or welfare of men is determined by engineers and industrialists, not by statesmen.

There is another group in modern industrial society

which occupies peculiar relations to the groups which have become so hysterical over peace and disarmament. To some extent business and finance are two sides of the same thing, and the financial organization of society, such as banks, bond houses, stock exchanges, and their kindred institutions with all their complex of relationships, is supposed to be a mechanism to facilitate the exchange of the products of agriculture and industry and to secure the apportionment of the national income among capitalists, laborers, middlemen, and other groups.

However, our financial organization was very largely developed prior to the coming into the world of large-scale power-driven industry, and it is not yet entirely adapted to it because the ideas derived from the ages of agriculture, handicrafts, and petty merchandising are still dominant in some forms of banking.

The undue emphasis placed upon thrift in an age when nations grow rich by spending, not by hoarding, the folly of the banker leadership of Great Britain in sacrificing a high-wage domestic market in order to secure export markets for cheap goods made by sweated labor, are instances of this maladjustment of finance to industry.

THEREFORE the elements of the financial world who are most remote from actual industrial operations and the everyday life of the people, such as the great international bankers who are still mainly concerned with the kind of banking which was practiced by the Medici, the Fuggers, and Rothschilds—money lenders to kings—are not harmoniously adjusted to this new age of power and machinery. They share some, not all, of the points of view of the cloistered and devitalized classes who are so much exercised about peace pacts, leagues of nations, and similar plausible senilities which look good on paper but fail to reflect the facts of life.

Perhaps the most striking fact about present-day peacemongering which discloses its obsolete character is its habitual and damnatory contrast of peace and war, as if they were entirely dissociated in all human experience. The modern scientific view of the world knows nothing of such contrasts. It discloses all the life on the globe, past, present, and future, linked in a chain of cause and effect, and one phase of it is just as valid and as important as any other. Children, savages, poets, prophets, and primitive artists deal in sharp contrasts. They view the world as one of striking blacks and whites, rights and lefts, ups and downs. The real world as disclosed to us by scientific research is a world of blinking grays, unstable tints, and shifting, melting curves.

In other words, peace and war are not historic conditions separated by a great gulf. They are in fact interlocking and dependent episodes of the life of the race. The characteristics of life in times of peace arise from war, and wars arise naturally from the events of peace. Both are indissoluble components of humanity's life story.

That is why there is really no paradox in the statement made here that peace talk is quite frequently a forerunner of war and pacifists can be ranked among the principle provocateurs of war, while military men are about the only practical pacifists of whom the world can boast.

In his famous history of European morals, the great historian Lecky pointed out that the clergy in the Dark Ages talked peace most energetically and attempted to place soldiers in disrepute. At the same time they were fomenting most of the wars of the period.

It would be a waste of space to come on down the ages and recite how often similar conditions are disclosed.

On the other hand, peace has never been kept on any great scale in the white man's world except when some overwhelming military force policed civilization and kept the masses in order, as in the four or five centuries of the Roman peace or in those brief periods when the ideal of the European balance of power between strong military establishments was substantially realized for a time.

But, it may be asked, in what way are our modern pacifists setting the stage for the next war? A cynic



might point out that they may talk us into war by boring us with the idea of peace. There are already signs of popular boredom as the stream of peace gush flows on and on in print, radio, and after-dinner banality.

Wars have been generated out of ennui. Victorian England leaped to arms with glee when the Crimean War afforded some prospect of escape from the deadly dullness of the Prince Albert coat. The threat to world peace by modern pacifists is far more substantial than that.

To understand all its implications, we must first grasp clearly the conditions brought about by modern industrialism which now give the world such a favorable prospect for peace, and exactly how these conditions are threatened by the pacifist agitation.

The powerful and wealthy industrial nations today are not land hungry as formerly. The forbearance of the United States toward Mexico is an exhibit of the waning land hunger of industrialized peoples. When we were a poor nation of 17,000,000 people with only \$7,000,000,000 of national wealth and with a large part of the country still a wilderness, we looted Mexico of vast territories. Today, with 120,000,000 people and \$350,000,000,000 of wealth, we have shown conclusively that we do not want any more land and do not seek the job of governing any more Mexicans. Why?

WHEN we last made war on Mexico, nations ranked in wealth according to their population and acres. Today the wealth of the world is industrial and financial, a product of the engineer rather than of the farmer, of multiplying units of power machinery rather than begetting babies.

It is obvious that as long as this process continues in the industrial nations, there will be less desire to acquire more agricultural area. The greed for other natural resources such as minerals and timber will continue to decline as long as chemists continue to fabricate more and more synthetic products. It will also diminish as long as combustion and electric engineers continue to get

more and more energy out of less and less coal and oil, and continue to make possible the utilization of lower and lower grades of fuel.

Thirty years ago, undoubtedly, Germany would have been willing to fight the world for more coal. After she was deprived of a large part of her coal deposits, her chemists and engineers turned low-grade lignite deposits into sources of power and chemical wealth which make the gold mines of South Africa pikers by comparison.

THIS is a striking illustration of what is going on all over the world within the industrial nations; but the process does not end there. The creation of wealth within such countries as America, Germany, France, England, or Italy sooner or later produces surplus capital which seeks investment abroad. Our kind of industrial civilization has the wanderlust in acute form.

No "wobbly" is by nature a greater tramp than the Almighty Dollar. Wherever these dollars go into new countries, they cause to be repeated the social development of the older industrial countries. In course of time there is no question that our form of capitalistic civilization would spread over the entire earth and would create such an eventual equality of wealth, income, and living conditions as would banish nearly all of the economic causes of war.

However, this process would require a long time. In the Orient it would probably require many centuries, because the first effect of introducing modern industry into countries like India, where powerful religious forces cause a tremendously high birth rate, appears to be a still further increase of population, which absorbs the gains of income.

For this process of equalizing living conditions throughout the world to continue, it is necessary that the older industrial nations shall continue to substitute power and machinery for human labor and at the same time expand their industries rapidly enough to provide

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



It keeps teeth WHITE

MANY a boy friend has been won by a smile.

Captivating smiles come from gleaming white teeth.

To keep teeth white, chew Dentyne regularly.

It keeps teeth gleaming like pearls, and it's so delicious that you'll want to chew it morning, noon and night.



Chew **DENTYNE**
...and smile!

[ARE "PEACE BUGS" TALKING US INTO THE NEXT WAR?]

Continued from page seventy-one

jobs for everybody and keep wages high. This necessity is understood by workingmen.

Although they have seldom expressed it in words, the American masses have instinctively opposed internationalism and any practical application of the gush about the brotherhood of man, because to them those words mean wage cuts. And the value of a peace pact depends upon the support of the working masses back home.

Industrialism has not yet produced such a uniformity of living standards throughout the world that the working masses have nothing to fight about.

The real differences which exist among the peoples of the world to-day may be summed up in this little table from the United States Department of Labor:

Daily wage, bricklayers:

Austria		\$1.39
Belgium		1.32
France		1.57
Germany		1.84
United States		12.56

Common laborers in the building trades:

Italy		.80
Norway		1.88
Sweden		3.09
United States		4.00

Rolling-mill heaters:

Germany		1.81 to 4.57
Great Britain		4.56
United States		7.60

It is obvious that as long as such differences exist, the working masses of the advanced industrial nations will continue to oppose any form of supergovernment or internationalism which carries with it any threat to their wage scales or implies any world pooling of business or resources. The nationalistic impulses of the working people of the United States time and time again have proved more powerful than the idealistic notions of the intellectuals. If the high-hat elements of America could have had their way in the '70s and '80s, half of this country would now be Chinese, but Dennis Kearney, a San Francisco truck driver, stopped all that with a few speeches on the San Francisco sand lots.

IT is just such incidents as that which the present pacifist agitation is making certain in the future.

For modern industrialism to continue the process of gradually equalizing the living standards of all the nations of the world, through the export of capital from highly developed industrial nations to backward lands, it will be necessary that the working classes of the former countries receive much higher rates of pay than those of the more backward lands for a long time to come.

Of course, this slow process of equalization will not be agreeable to the workingmen of the low-wage countries and they will seek the right of immediate immigration to countries with higher living standards. Assuming the impossible event that they were successful, all industrial progress would then cease and the world would revert to a dead level of cheap labor because the first effect of the influx of cheap labor into a high-wage country is to dis-

courage the further development of the use of power machinery.

The incentive which drives the capitalist to improve his machinery is high wages. The law by which cheap labor tends to drive all progressive engineering and technical innovation from the industry of a country is similar to the famous Gresham law of currency, by which cheap money always drives good money out of circulation. But the whole tenor and effect of the pacifist and internationalist movements in the world today is to encourage the demand of the people in cheap labor countries for an

immediate sharing of the living conditions of the people in the more advanced countries.

Everywhere the propaganda for peace pacts, leagues of nations, disarmament, and such is linked openly or subtly with opposition to laws restricting immigration, to protective tariffs, and to the many other legal devices and political expedients by which the advanced nations have learned to protect the wage standards of their working people and thereby have indirectly promoted the progress of applied science and invention.

USUALLY, if not invariably, the publicist, professor, or politician who is obsessed by pacifist doctrine, is inclined against the principle of nationalistic trade restrictions, lukewarm for governmental fostering of industry, and inclined to regard all policies of racial exclusiveness as mere unreasonable prejudice.

On the other hand, the masses are profoundly race conscious.

The antinational and morbidly altruistic bias

of the pacifist and internationalist doctrine is bound to excite the growing resentment of the working people and the middle classes of those lands which have developed the more advanced industrial methods, as they come gradually to understand what the adoption of such policies would mean to them.

This resentment, meeting the insistent demand of the less advanced peoples for an immediate sharing of the good things of modern industrial civilization, is just the kind of psychological conflict from which great wars emerge.

Rightly, the plain people of America and western Europe will deny that there is any obligation resting upon them to give to others the benefits of what has been painfully wrought out in their own civilizations. They will see no reason to degrade themselves and impoverish their children for the benefit of peoples who were incompetent to better their own condition.

Though their position would be selfish from their own standpoint, in the long run it is an entirely humanitarian point of view, because the ultimate hope for the betterment of life in the backward countries lies in the uninterrupted progress toward yet higher wages and better standards of living in America and the other advanced industrial nations.

THE END



The clergy of the Dark Ages talked peace. At the same time they fomented most of the wars of the period.

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* "Barbasol makes close harmony between the blade and the beard. There's a sort of magic in the way it softens the hairs and makes them come off close and clean and easy—all in quick tempo, too. Barbasol has made all the old-fashioned jazzing around with brush and rub and lather completely out of date. It's modern. That's why I use it every day."

* Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.

Vincent Lopez



Courtesy of National Broadcasting Company



That's all! You'll hardly believe it when you feel the crisp, clean way the blade slides along. Man, what comfort! How quick and easy. And how soft and refreshed your face feels. No lotions needed here. And blades last longer, too.

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BARBASOL friends practically write the Barbasol advertisements. Mr. H. J., out in Nebraska says, "Barbasol does the business so pleasantly and smoothly that one marvels—and it cuts the time in two." From Ohio, W. D. G., an ex-barber, says, "I must admit after two years refusal to give Barbasol even a trial, that it is just wonderful." From Texas, J. W. B. writes, "Barbasol is far superior—not the slightest irritation, smarting or burning after shaving." (Yes, we'll supply these names on request.)

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Try Barbasol tomorrow morning and learn why it's the fastest growing shaving cream in the world. Give up all your old ideas about shaving. Start fresh. Don't touch a brush; don't look for a lather. Barbasol is different; new; modern.

- 1 Wet your face. Better yet, wash it in soap and water and leave it wet.
- 2 Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in.
- 3 Wet your razor and—shave!



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Barbasol

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No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

What Is Normal Weight?

By EILEEN BOURNE

IN all good reducing advice the desirability of reducing only to *normal* weight is stressed. This normal-weight emphasis invites the query: "But what is normal for me?" The height-weight-age tables are not always satisfactory guides.

However, there is a weight at which each individual feels her best, looks her best, works her best, and is at her best. And this weight is agreed by our best authorities to be the weight to ascertain, attain, and persistently maintain.

I believe that the weight charts in standard use have more value for the really fat person than for women who are beginning to take on pounds or who have already accumulated anywhere from five to ten, but no more, "extras." For these, the instinctive knowledge about the state of their figure should serve as an excellent guide.

All reducing is not done by the really obese. There is as much concern today, if not more, in circles that might be bound by the phrase, "She's taking on." This group might use a weight chart to scare them into action, but they do not need one to warn them. The thickening at the waistline will tell any one of them that it is time to lighten up on food and be a bit more active physically. The swelling diaphragm, the rounding "tummy" and hips are no silent concealers of pounds. No woman needs a chart to tell her when flesh crowds her sleeves. An excess-weight fact is telegraphed to her when an arm is flattened against a bulge above the corset line. And a pair of eyes of average sharpness can take in at once a thickening tendency of leg and ankle.

By the same tokens of sight and feel, with the disappearance of her superfluous pounds a woman knows when she is at her best.

For those, then, whose battle is against a continuous fluctuation, or periodic assaults on a limited number of pounds, an instinctive "feel" may be the best guide. But if one is distinctly and markedly overweight, a numeral score is likely to be the best friend and severest critic, the reason being that such a one may have forgotten when and how she felt best; also, the chart serves as a guide to the number of pounds that need to be removed. And so I offer one at the end of this article.

WEIGHT charts and tables in common use approximate only from general averages what your weight should be. But even with their limitations, they still apply fairly well to the average person and are about as accurate a measure of guidance as is available. They are good policemen. Their chief fault lies in a failure to differentiate between light and heavy framework.

Also, no average statistics can take into account individual requirements in the matter of what is the best weight.



Where figures do not lie.

Body build is a factor that should be taken into account. Two persons of the same age and height may weigh the same. The one, however, with large, heavy framework might be agreeably proportioned and in no need of reduction. The other, if small boned and of light frame, might be carrying an amount of fat that is burdensome. These conditions must be taken into consideration when consulting the weight chart.

THERE is a rough-and-ready rule in popular use that designates the correct weight for five feet as 110 pounds, and for each additional inch, five and a half pounds more. With this standard a leeway of ten pounds above or below is allowed, and further modification is granted persons under twenty-five and over sixty. In that ten-pound leeway there may be confusion for those to whom five pounds surplus is undesirable. Here again, good sense and instinct come to the rescue.

Anyway, if your instinct or your chart tells you that you ought to be doing something about returning to that weight at which you were at your very best, look in this department next week for two good diets that will help you retrieve it.

WEIGHT TABLE—WOMEN
(In ordinary street costume)

Age	4 ft. 8 in.	4 ft. 9 in.	4 ft. 10 in.	4 ft. 11 in.	5 ft.	5 ft. 1 in.	5 ft. 2 in.	5 ft. 3 in.	5 ft. 4 in.	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 6 in.	5 ft. 7 in.	5 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 9 in.	5 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 11 in.	6 ft.
16	102	104	106	108	109	111	114	117	120	124	128	132	136	139	143	148	153
17	103	105	107	109	111	113	116	119	122	125	129	133	137	140	144	149	154
18	104	106	108	110	112	114	117	120	123	126	130	134	138	141	145	150	155
19	105	107	109	111	113	115	118	121	124	127	131	135	139	142	146	151	155
20	106	108	110	112	114	116	119	122	125	128	132	136	140	143	147	151	156
21	107	109	111	113	115	117	120	123	126	129	133	137	141	144	148	152	156
22	107	109	111	113	115	117	120	123	126	129	133	137	141	145	149	153	157
23	108	110	112	114	116	118	121	124	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	153	157
24	109	111	113	115	117	119	121	124	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154	158
25	109	111	113	115	117	119	121	124	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	154	158
26	110	112	114	116	118	120	122	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155	159
27	110	112	114	116	118	120	122	125	129	132	136	140	144	148	152	155	159
28	111	113	115	117	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	156	160
29	111	113	115	117	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	156	160
30	112	114	116	118	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150	154	157	161
31	113	115	117	119	121	123	125	128	132	135	139	143	147	151	154	157	161
32	113	115	117	119	121	123	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152	155	158	162
33	114	116	118	120	122	124	126	129	133	137	141	145	149	153	156	159	162
34	115	117	119	121	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154	157	160	163
35	115	117	119	121	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154	157	160	163
36	116	118	120	122	124	126	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155	158	161	164
37	116	118	120	122	124	126	129	132	136	140	144	148	152	156	159	162	165
38	117	119	121	123	125	127	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	157	160	163	166
39	118	120	122	124	126	128	131	134	138	142	146	150	154	158	161	164	167
40	119	121	123	125	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158	161	164	167
41	120	122	124	126	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159	162	165	168
42	120	122	124	126	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159	162	166	169
43	121	123	125	127	129	131	134	137	140	144	148	152	156	160	163	167	170
44	122	124	126	128	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161	164	168	171
45	122	124	126	128	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161	164	168	171
46	123	125	127	129	131	133	136	139	142	146	150	154	158	162	165	169	172
47	123	125	127	129	131	133	136	139	142	146	151	155	159	163	166	170	173
48	124	126	128	130	132	134	137	140	143	147	152	156	160	164	167	171	174
49	124	126	128	130	132	134	137	140	143	147	152	156	161	165	168	172	175
50	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	156	161	165	169	173	176
51	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	157	162	166	170	174	177
52	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	157	162	166	170	174	177
53	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	157	162	166	170	174	177
54	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	152	157	162	166	170	174	177
55	125	127	129	131	133	135	138	141	144	148	153	158	163	167	171	174	177

This table is based upon the Medico-Actuarial Mortality investigation of the records of 136,504 women accepted by life insurance companies.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

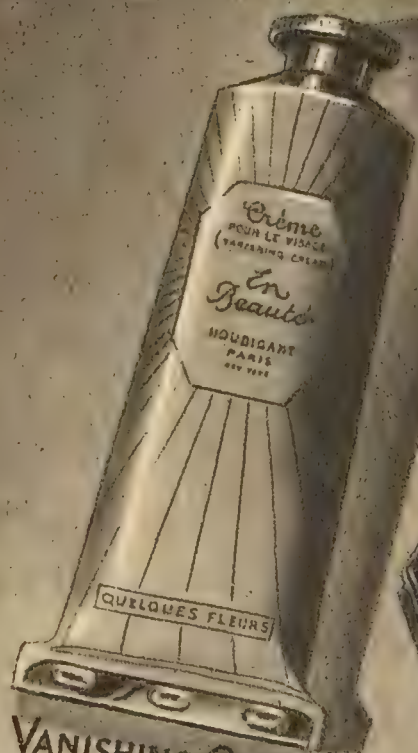
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P A R I S

A
Romance
of
the Jewel
Smugglers

By

EDWARD
DOHERTY

Pictures by
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

The

Diamonds



As he fell Joe Kelly jumped and caught him. "Well pitched, captain," Kelly said.

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

THERE was no moon. There were no stars. The light fixed to the mast high overhead shed no radiance. The smoke from the funnels washed the light in gloom.

The wind was keen and cold. It whistled a mournful tune. Dick thought, as it swished across the deck and the

flag-draped coffin and the little group of men and women about it.

It was early in the morning. Dick was standing between Jean and Diana, close to the rail. Captain Harris, a vague black shape, stood over the two seamen who knelt on the deck making the ropes fast to the coffin.

Swiftly, quietly, the ropes were looped over either end



Knocked him in the bean and didn't break an egg. He'll live to dance on air."

of the box. The knots were tied. The casket was raised to the rail, and pushed overboard, hanging from the ropes. Slowly, gently, it was lowered into the sea, the men breathing hard as the ropes went through their hands.

No words were said. No words were needed.

The seamen felt the ends of the ropes in their hands,

empty cigarette holder. He had that cigarette holder in his mouth when he died. But it wasn't a cigarette holder exactly. It was really a blowpipe. When we examined it later we found a glass ball in it. If I hadn't shot him he would have killed me. In another second he would have blown that glass ball. It would have

held on a moment, and then let go. And a soldier of France, asleep in his uniform, lay forever in his salt-water grave.

"You have been very brave," Dick said, taking Diana to her room.

"Braver than I should have been," said Jean.

"Brave? It is not bravery. It is only that I know he will never know pain again, nor loneliness, nor any care, nor any wistfulness, nor envy for men who are strong. But, oh—I shall miss him so."

Dick kissed her on the lips, as though she were a weeping child, and turned to go.

"Don't leave me, either of you," Diana begged, turning to Jean.

"Of course we won't," said Jean. "Let me take off your coat and your shoes. We'll sit here and talk."

SHE placed the shoes under the bed, hung the coat in the wardrobe, made Diana lie down, and covered her. Diana fell asleep at once.

"You look as though you hadn't slept either," Dick whispered, looking at Jean's tired face.

"I haven't," she answered. "I haven't shut my eyes since we learned that Pelky was dead. How long ago is that?"

"Pelky. I had almost forgotten him. Pelky, the baron, Chilly Lily Leeds, Kuroki—the sea is filling with the Marantic dead."

"Chilly Lily and Kuroki too? When? How?"

Clarke told her, then, of how he had found the body of the stewardess, how he had discovered the murderer, how he had shot Kuroki through the head.

"Dick! You killed him?"

"I killed him."

"But why?" She sat up straight.

"You remember when Kuroki followed us down the steps to the hospital, two days ago, when Pelky was killed? You told me he was studying his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE

[Continued from page seventy-seven]

cracked against my mouth. I would have breathed the poison gas."

"But, with the captain there, and all the ship's officers with guns, he surely wouldn't have dared."

"No? Kuroki was capable of anything. He was desperate, trapped. He knew he would be executed for murder, like the little Japs who helped him. And he thought he might just as well kill me before he died."

Jean shivered. She closed her eyes.

"If he had killed you," she began, "I—"

"Well, he didn't. Don't worry now. I went to his room a little while later, and found a wig. I suppose he meant to wear it over his own hair. Guess what it was lined with?"

"Diamonds."

"No. Pearls. One of them was a very fine pink, about eighty grains, an Oriental a queen might covet."

He took it from his handkerchief and showed it to her. She scarcely looked at it.

"And the Japs—did they have pearls too?"

"Yes, but I believe they were all Kuroki's. I found them in the hollow upright poles of the wire-walking apparatus. Nothing but pearls; ropes and ropes of them. I turned them over to Captain Harris for safe-keeping."

"But—did the Japs talk?"

"Not yet. But I think one of them will. The one I thought was a lip reader. He understands English, and may do some talking after we land, to save his life."

"He was your man from the sea?"

"No. No. That was the man with the scratched face. Istrelle's cat proves that. His name is Doi—Shimonasaki Doi."

"Doi—Pelky writing with his finger. That's what he was trying to tell us. But how did this Doi get in through the porthole?"

"It's rather complicated," Dick said, "and it took at least three men to work the trick. One man stood at a porthole—say in his own room, or in one of the transverse corridors."

"The second man stood by another porthole, waiting. Let us say the Japs wanted to enter our room. On one side of us is room five hundred and ten—Istrelle du Bose and her maid. On the other side, five hundred and fourteen, is Hugo Jerome, Istrelle's chef. In five hundred and sixteen are the Japs. All right. Picture a little Jap at the porthole in his room. He has a long thin wire with a heavy weight on the end. He lets the wire out through the port. Then he swings it, in wider and wider loops, letting it out more as he whirls it."

"Now, in the transverse corridor outside Istrelle's room stands, let us say, Kuroki. Apparently he is merely looking out at the sea through an open port. Really he is holding in his hands a long pole, or an iron rod. He is holding it quite still. The wire the other Jap is swinging will touch that pole, and the momentum of the weight will wrap the wire around it. There you have your wire stretched from the Japs' room to the corridor. It is fastened tightly at both ends."

"NOW the murderer goes forth—like a spider along a strand of cobweb—the little man with the scratched face—you saw him at the auction. Kuroki sent him on several errands that day. He is the smallest of the troupe. He is the wire walker."

"He goes along that wire hand over hand, easily, quickly, blowgun in his mouth. The wire is slack. It hangs under the line of the portholes, so that no one looking out will see. When he gets beneath the port that has been opened for him he stands on the wire and climbs through. Very simple. In a heavy sea, of course, he would be wet by waves and spray. In a calm sea he might not be wet at all. He was wet when he came into Pelky's room, but when he came into ours—"

Jean jumped from her chair and walked up and down the room.

"You have the murderers," she said. "You have killed Kuroki. You have tamed Silovitch, and vamped Poppy Brooks. You may outguess Istrelle du Bose. But what

about Finch? Jay Finch is back of all these murders, back of all these smugglers. He gave Kuroki orders. He cut out Pelky's tongue. He murdered the baron. He murdered Chilly Lily Leeds. He murdered Conté too—I'd almost be willing to swear he did. You've done everything but get Finch."

"Sit down, Jean," Dick said quietly. "You're right. I haven't got Finch. But—I may get him yet. Anyway, he will not smuggle any diamonds this trip."

"What do you mean?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you. After we found the baron, I asked the captain's permission to have the baron's body taken into New York. I did that because I thought Mrs. Finch was in Istrelle's room. I hadn't seen her in the social hall. She may have been in her own room. I don't know. But somebody in Istrelle's room did hear me. And the word was spread."

"We left the baron's body in the chapel all day. Some came to look, some to pray, and some to hide diamonds on the body or in the coffin. You see, I had let people believe that the body would be taken to a private chapel on Broadway as soon as we docked."

"And—?" Jean held her breath.

"And the captain has in his safe perhaps a million dollars' worth of diamonds that Jay Finch and the Greeks and Poppy Brooks and Istrelle du Bose hoped to smuggle into New York."

II

THE S. S. Marantic lay idle at quarantine, smiling in the morning sun, panting after her run across the Atlantic, waiting for the customs men to finish their work that she might steam into her berth in the Hudson.

The promenade-deck rail was fringed with passengers. Stewards swarmed over the central stairway carrying grips and hatboxes and suitcases. Messenger boys scurried everywhere.

Dick Clarke smiled at Jean, winked at the men who stood back of her, men of the "diamond squad" who had come out with the pilot, and knocked on the door of Hugo Jerome's cabin.

Hugo Jerome sat at breakfast. The tray lay on the bed—a whole pie, a bowl of stew, a silver pot of coffee, and a little pile of six thick sandwiches.

"Good morning," Clarke called from the open door. "I came to say good-by."

He came into the room, Jean at his side, the men of the diamond squad remaining in the corridor, smoking, laughing, apparently strangers to Dick.

Jerome got to his feet.

"Good-by? But I have come to stay," he said. His hands went to the bandages on his head. "Monsieur, madame, I care not for the sea. Never again will I cross the sea. Never again will the sea shake me out of bed. Thunders of God! I am still crippled in my head."

He tolled his beard and laughed.

"But what an enormous breakfast!" Clarke laughed with him.

"For a little man," Jerome admitted, "it would be too much. But for such as I—behold, I have cooked myself a little meal."

"That pie looks wonderful," Jean said, smiling at Jerome. "Could you cut me a little piece?"

Jerome was astonished perhaps, but too polite to let his astonishment be seen.

"But yes," he said. "But certainly, madame."

He took up the pie and studied it. He turned it around, his eyes squinting. He put it down and surveyed it carefully. It was marked with little triangular cuts through which the rich juice oozed. Jerome stuck the knife in one of these cuts, and pulled it to him. He stuck it in again and cut a rather generous slice.

"Apples," he said. "Apples and cinnamon and nutmeg, and a dash of Armagnac. You will find it superb, madame."

He flipped the pie on to a saucer, found a clean fork, and presented the dessert to Jean.

He mopped his forehead as she took it.

"Mind if I cut myself a piece?" asked Dick, and with-





Kelly calmly put his hand in Finch's coat pocket and removed an automatic. "Ugly-looking thing," he said. "Silly to carry it, y'know. Might get hurt."

out waiting for permission, stuck the knife in the pie, and found a diamond.

"I was afraid of that, monsieur," he said. And the men of the diamond squad marched in, grinning.

"You'll find diamonds in the stew," Dick said, "diamonds in the sandwiches, diamonds in the coffee, and the sugar, and the cream. There should be at least one hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in this breakfast."

"YOU were right," Jean said as she and Clarke left the room. "But why should the poor fellow cook his diamonds? He couldn't have eaten that breakfast. He couldn't have carried it off the ship without exciting suspicion."

"He expected to be surprised at his breakfast," Clarke explained. "He had intended to cut out that one slice of pie—for effect. Perhaps he would have eaten part of it—and part of a sandwich. That would be, he thought, a master stroke. He thought we wouldn't know it was a carat pie—excuse me, I couldn't help that. We wouldn't examine his food. We would examine the bandages on his head, and finding no diamonds there we would let him alone. Then he could take the diamonds from their ingenious hiding places, secrete them in the bandages, and walk ashore in safety. Istrelle is quite clever at that."

"Name of a name of a name that is blue!" said Jean. "I wouldn't have thought of that. Where to now?"

"To give Mrs. Finch the Diamond Eye!"

Mrs. Finch was alone. She welcomed the visitors.

"You have come to give me my diamond!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Clarke.

He took out his handkerchief and drew the diamond from its folds. He placed it in her hand.

"Take care of it, Mrs. Finch," he said. "Someone may try to steal it from you before we land—or afterward. Many men and many women have died because of this stone. Four people have been buried at sea on this trip directly or indirectly because of it."

"Four?" she asked, eyes opening wide.

"Four," said Clarke, "including the Baron De Ranisse."

"But I thought—" She bit her tongue and smiled.

"You are a good loser, Mrs. Finch," Clarke said. "Whatever diamonds of yours may have been placed in the baron's pockets are now in the custody of Captain Harris. They have been confiscated."

"You could have let them go to the bottom of the sea if you had wished."

"No, I wouldn't have done that. The government is entitled to them, Mrs. Finch."

"You will find Mr. Finch in Poppy Brooks' suite," Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DIAMOND EYE
[Continued from page seventy-nine]

Finch said. "He will be more than interested in your news."

She bowed to Jean and smiled, and walked into her bedroom.

They found a man waiting in Poppy's reception room: a tall, well made, well tailored man, with a cane in his gloved hands.

"Joe Kelly," Dick said.

Kelly turned, and jumped from his chair.

"Dick!" he said. "Terribly glad to see you, old chap."

Dick introduced Jean.

"My wife. Mr. Joseph Francis Kelly of Scotland Yard."

"Mrs. Clarke, you say? I say! Well, well! No end lucky, you!"

Dick's face glowed.

"Married in London the day we sailed," he lied. "But what are you doing here, Joe?"

"Calling on a chap named Finch. Not his room, but he's here. Helping his young friend pack. I say! You're hunting diamond smugglers, eh, what? Of course. Looking for Jay Finch too?"

"Jay Finch and Miss Brooks. Look here, Joe, suppose you let me do some talking first. I have an idea of your errand and—"

"Not really? But of course, of course. Stupid of me not to guess you were the Johnny who sent that rum radiogram."

"I wondered why London didn't answer," Dick said.

"You are the answer, I see. That's luck. Jean—"

Julie's entrance cut off such explanation as Dick intended to make.

"Madame and Mr. Finch wish you to come in," Julie said, speaking to Mr. Kelly.

"Right-ho!" said that gentleman, rising. "But ask them, please, if they will not come out. Say that my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, are here with me and I'm afraid the bedroom is too small for our jolly picnic. Not enough chairs, eh?" He smiled and bowed to Julie, winning a smile from her.

Julie shut the door firmly. It was opened the next moment, and Poppy Brooks in an ermine coat stood in the entrance. Finch peered over her shoulder.

"I say! This is a pleasure. I was told Mr. Finch was here, and I dashed around to see him. Rather important, you know. I do hope I'm not intruding?" Kelly reached into his inside coat pocket and pulled out an envelope. He handed it to Finch.

"This is Miss Brooks," said Finch, looking at the envelope, "Mr.—Mr.— Haven't you given me the wrong letter?"

KELLY took the envelope from him, glanced at it and thrust it back in his pocket. He pulled out another one, looked at it, and handed it over, smiling.

"Rather stupid of me, what?" he said. "I'm Mr. Kelly, Miss Brooks."

"Mr. Joseph Kelly of Scotland Yard," said Finch. He beamed and shook hands with the detective. "You have met Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Kelly?"

"Yes, yes; old friends, Mr. Clarke and I, Mr. Finch. Very old friends. But don't let me intrude. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke want to see you both."

"They do, eh?" Finch's face was unpleasant. But then, so was Clarke's.

"I have come to tell you, Mr. Finch, Miss Brooks," Clarke said, "that the diamonds you hid in the baron's coffin are in the captain's safe. They have been confiscated and are now the property of the United States—all except the two packages that belong to Silovitch."

"I say!" Kelly looked sharply at Dick. "A bit ghoulish, I say!"

Finch confronted Dick, his little eyes menacing, his right hand clutching at his coat pocket.

"Just for that," he said, "I accuse your wife, in the presence of this real detective, of murdering Henri Conté and stealing the diamond which you forced my wife to buy back for the sum of twenty thousand dollars."

Clarke laughed at him.

"And, in the presence of this real detective—and he's a better detective than I, I admit—I arrest you for the murder of Henri Conté."

Poppy Brooks sat down abruptly.

"And, I say! If you are thinking of drawing a gun, Mr. Finch, do forget it, please. I have no taste for bloodshed. It would be quite awkward, really it would, for Mr. Clarke is frightfully quick with firearms, you know. And I'm a bit of a shot myself."

Kelly calmly put his hand in Finch's coat pocket and removed an automatic.

"Ugly-looking thing," he said. "Silly to carry it, y'know. Might get hurt."

Finch turned his red face from one man to the other.

"Don't either of you dare threaten me," he blustered. "I am going straight to the captain and make my accusation to him. I shall prove to him that Mrs. Clarke is the waitress known as Mabel Willebrandt—"

"—And that I poured beer in your face and took the diamond," Jean interrupted, her voice calm and sweet. "I admit it."

"And that you stabbed Conté!"

"Enough of this," Clarke said sternly. "Miss Brooks, here is the garter you slit with your knife at the time Conté was stabbed. You may remain here. Come, Mr. Finch, walk ahead of us. Your Greeks have spilled the beans."

"Greeks? I don't know what you're talking about."

"You will. And you'll learn something more about fingerprints before you go back to London."

"Go back to London? If I go back to London it will be to help put the rope around your wife's neck."

He went out quickly, Jean and the two men following.

III

CAPTAIN HARRIS drew up a chair for Jean, and motioned to the chairs near his desk.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said. He seated himself, took the largest ivory elephant in his hands, and cleared his throat.

"Mr. Finch," he said, "I have asked Mr. Clarke to place you under arrest for the murder of Henri Conté."

He made an abrupt gesture of silence, as Finch was about to protest.

"Don't say a word now," he commanded. "If you wish to talk when I have done, you shall have full opportunity. You need not talk unless you wish. I would advise you not to talk at all, except through your counsel, for after I am through talking I shall give you into the custody of Mr. Kelly."

Kelly made an inarticulate sound with his lips, but did not look up. He was busy sharpening a pencil, the shavings falling on a white envelope he had taken from his pocket.

The captain leaned back in his chair, and talked slowly, but his eyes never left Finch's face.

"We have learned your history, Mr. Finch," he said. "It is rather savory, to say the least. You were an accountant in a jewelry firm in Maidenhead Lane for some years. You learned the firm was smuggling diamonds in great quantities, and you began stealing these diamonds. The firm knew you were stealing, but nothing could be done about it, of course. If they discharged you, you would inform the government they were smuggling."

"As the years went by and your hold on your employers grew, you became bolder and bolder. The firm, unable to get rid of you, and unable to stop your speculations, decided to make one last great coup, and to have done with it. They planned to smuggle all the diamonds they could buy, something in the neighborhood of a million dollars. They carried out their plan, but the jewels were seized. The firm was ruined. Your employers went to jail. The gems were confiscated and sold at public auction, and you received fifty thousand dollars, the highest award the government of the United States may legally pay for such information."

"Your employers had you indicted for theft, but as they could prove nothing the indictment was quashed, and you were allowed to go free. You had fifty thousand



dollars in cash and a considerable number of diamonds. You had sold most of the diamonds you stole, and therefore knew many safe places to sell more illicit diamonds. You had become acquainted with many smugglers. What was more natural, therefore, than to go into the business of buying diamonds from smugglers, and selling them?

"You did go into this business, Mr. Finch. You made millions of dollars out of it, I am informed. And then you bought the Diamond Eye."

Finch threw his cigar on the floor and glared at the captain. "Damn the Diamond Eye," he said. "I wish I never had heard of it."

"No doubt. You reported to the American authorities in Paris that it was stolen. At the same time you arranged for one Henri Conté to smuggle it into New York. You didn't trust Conté, so you made him a proposition. You would intrust him with the diamond, and pay him well for smuggling it, provided he first intrusted you with a number of his diamonds. I don't know how valuable Conté's diamonds were, but it is reasonable to believe them worth a hundred thousand pounds, since Conté was an agent for an important ring of smugglers in Antwerp.

"YOU met in a Hatton Garden pub, Mr. Finch. Conté turned over his diamonds to three Greek gentlemen, who represented you. You turned over to him the Diamond Eye. As he took it, Mrs. Clarke, disguised as a waitress, took it from him. Mrs. Clarke, working with Mr. Clarke, did not know that you were Jay Finch. She took the diamond from Conté, expecting to meet you on board this ship and give it to you. You see, she believed you told the truth when you said the stone had been stolen from you. Mr. Clarke, afraid you might harm her, advised her to keep the diamond until such time as he might think up a scheme to get it into your hands and, at the same time, protect her from your suspicions.

"You made this almost impossible, so they gave it to Mrs. Finch at the auction a few days ago."

Captain Harris put down the elephant, took it up again, scratched its belly, and went on.

"It was Mr. Clarke's opinion, up to a few days ago, that Miss Poppy Brooks was responsible for the murder of Henri Conté. You see, he had found her garter. The garter had been slit. He assumed that the knife that slit the garter slit Conté's heart. But after talking to Miss Brooks he changed his mind."

"He knows damn well his wife did it," Finch said.

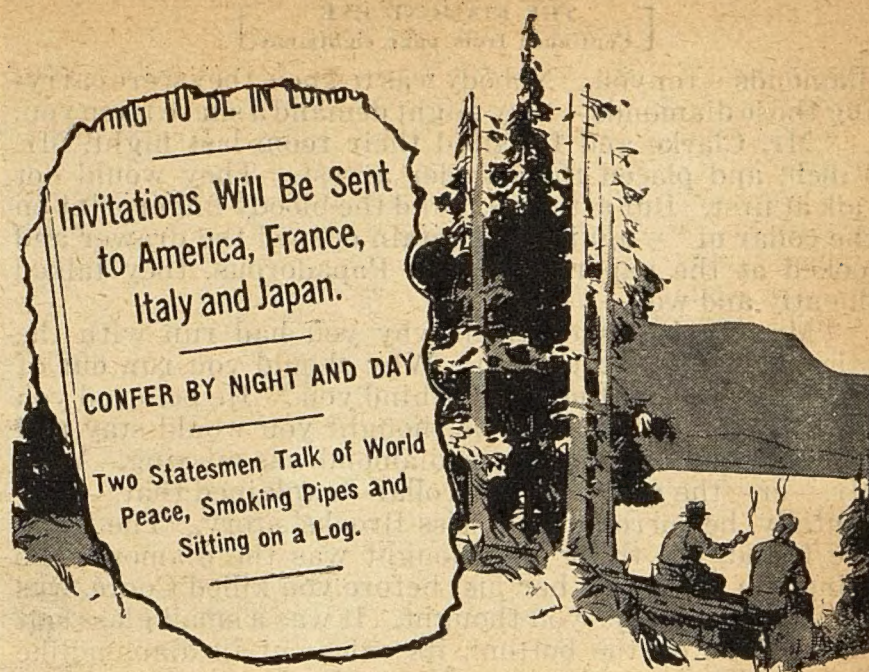
Again the captain silenced him.

"Miss Brooks explained why she fled from the place. She had felt the diamond in her hand, or something she thought was the diamond, she told Mr. Clarke. Some man's hand shoved hers away, and she took the knife from her garter, meaning to use it to get the stone. But when she turned to look for the man she saw Conté. She thought the man who had killed him had stolen the stone. She screamed and ran. You ran with her. Miss Brooks was panicky. The sight of blood had unnerved her. She said you ran ahead of her, with the Greeks. She admitted, after much questioning, that one of the Greeks—the captain opened his desk drawer and looked at a paper—"a Mr. Papadourous, had a red smudge on his collar. Miss Brooks suspected him. Mr. Clarke did not.

"Mr. Clarke reasoned, Mr. Finch, that whoever stabbed Conté must have had blood on his hands. He reasoned that this man, in his effort to get out of that place, through the press of struggling men and women, would naturally shove and push, and so put his bloody finger marks on one or several people.

"He did not know the Greeks were on board this vessel until he saw them at the auction, which, as it happened, was immediately after his conversation with Miss Brooks. He noticed them standing at the back of the room, saw them try to conceal themselves from Kuroki and the Japs, and he deduced that you had given them strict instructions to keep under cover until the ship docked. Not even Kuroki or Miss Brooks or Silovitch, or anyone else, Mr. Clarke thought, was to know these men were on the Marantic. He wondered why. He thought the only possible reason was that they were carrying Conté's

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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B-5

[THE DIAMOND EYE
[Continued from page eighty-one]

diamonds—for you. Nobody was to know they were carrying those diamonds—they might demand a share from you.

"Mr. Clarke and I visited their room last night, Mr. Finch, and placed them under arrest. They would not talk at first. But after we found the bloody fingerprint on the collar of"—again the captain opened the drawer and looked at the paper—"of Mr. Papadorous, they talked fluently and well.

"Mr. Clarke asked them why you had run with the others. That puzzled him. Why should you run out of the place, leaving the stone behind you? He believed you capable of murder. But he thought you would stay and brazen it out—so long as the diamond was missing. Your Mr.—er—the man with the collar—explained that. Incidentally, he corroborated Miss Brooks' story. The thing she found, the thing she thought was the diamond, the thing you took from her just before you killed Conté, was not the diamond, as you thought. It was a small glass salt dish, round on the bottom, its sides cut in diamondlike facets. The man has it. He said you gave it to him before you went back to the pub.

"It was rather stupid of—of the man—not to have destroyed that collar. But he didn't notice the smudge. He put it in his laundry bag, with the rest of his soiled linen, and Mr. Clarke identified the smudge as the print of your right index finger. You may think this a bit ironic, but he identified the print by comparing it with a print he developed on a radiogram blank—a blank on which you asked Scotland Yard to radio you the fingerprints by which you hoped to hang Mrs. Clarke."

Kelly quit sharpening his pencil. He put it in his pocket, lifted envelope and pencil shavings and lead powder from the table, and held the envelope over the wastebasket.

"And here are other prints," he said, "on the envelope I gave you, apparently by mistake, a while ago."

Jean wondered at the Scotland Yard man's quiet voice. He had dropped his way of speaking.

FINCH snarled. He coughed. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his red face.

"When you found that salt dish," the captain went on, "you thought you had your diamond back. You were angry at Conté for losing it. You wouldn't trust him with the stone a second time, and seeing his diamonds scattered on the floor, you thought you might as well steal them. So you stabbed Conté. And then you ran. You must have been quite disappointed when you found your diamond wasn't worth its salt."

Finch put his handkerchief back in his pocket, and stood up quickly, a little glass ball held in his fingers.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted. "All of you, damn you, or one of you will die—you, Mrs. Clarke."

Four pairs of hands went up, one hand holding a ridiculous ivory elephant.

"Detectives! Ha! Ha! One false move and I'll smash the glass in her pretty face."

"What then?" said Clarke. "You can't get away."

Finch's face twisted with hate.

"I can't get away?"

Holding the glass ball poised to throw, he reached his free hand into his vest pocket and took out as many more glass balls as he could hold. Then with his finger tips he snaked out a cigarette holder.

Clumsily he put a pellet into the mouth of the holder, and thrust the stem between his teeth, maneuvered it to a corner of his mouth. "I can't get away? I have gas balls in both hands. I can blow one out of my mouth. I can kill you all before you can reach for your guns—you three first, and the girl last. I will, by God! I can't get away? You'll all be found here, mysteriously dead. Who is there to point to me? There'll be no glass clues this time. Ha! Ha!"

Clarke leaped to shield Jean from the desperate murderer, but even as he started, the captain moved his right hand slightly, the hand that held the ivory elephant. The elephant struck Mr. Finch on the left side of the head, and as he fell Joe Kelly jumped and caught him.

"Well pitched, captain," Kelly said. "Knocked him in the bean and didn't break an egg. He'll live to dance on air."

IV

THE fussy little tugs were warping the great ship into her berth. The band was playing. People on the dock and the deck were cheering, calling to each other.

Dick and Jean stood in the prow of the ship, watching and listening—watching each other, listening to each other. They talked of their work.

"What did Silovitch say when you gave him his diamonds?"

"He said he knew I had them all the time."

"Poppy Brooks was stunning in that ermine coat. Can she pay the duty on the diamonds she has left?"

"Haven't I told you? She's hooked Silovitch. He'll pay for them."

"We're almost in. Mrs. Finch was rather a sport. I wonder if she'll keep the Diamond Eye. Did you know, Dick, the diamond has a legend?"

"Umm. Heard something about it. That Kelly's a nice lad. Talks like a storybook English detective when he's most dangerous—like an Englishman written by an American. I didn't know he was in New York, or I'd have radioed him instead of his boss. That was luck, finding that collar."

"Luck nothing. You've done everything. I did nothing. But, just the same, you've lost your bet."

"What bet?"

"Don't you remember? You bet me Istrelle would put some diamonds in your handkerchief. You said, 'I'll bet you anything you like.'"

"Oh, yes. But we didn't go to her dinner last night, so she didn't have the opportunity. She had planted some in the baron's uniform, some she intended to plant in Jerome's bandages. The rest—all right, I lose. Anything you like. Name it, and it's yours."

Jean was silent, looking at the crowd far down below.

"It was the legend of the diamond made me think of the bet," she said. She lowered her eyes. Her voice, when she spoke again, was not quite steady.

"Take back your rings, Dick," she said. "Give them again to—to Diana. I know you love her, Dick. And she loves you. She didn't marry the baron for love. You realize that. She married him out of pity, out of a—a sort of reckless idealism. It was sublime. But it wasn't love. She knew he was dying, and he needed her to make him happy. That was it, Dick. That was it. He never kissed her except on the hand. She never kissed him. She told me so. She's free now. Give her the rings." Jean stripped off her gloves, and began to take the rings from her finger.

"And you," he said, "you will go away, and I shall never see you again?"

"Yes. Oh, I am not sorry, Dick, that I came with you on this trip; that I posed as your wife. It will be sweet to remember—as long as I live. We quarreled all the time, didn't we?" She raised her face to show him a smile—but some-

thing happened, and he saw only tears in her brown eyes, and lips not sure of themselves. "We quarreled—but it was nice, quarreling with you."

"And you want to leave me? You want to give me the rings, and say good-by, and go away?"

"Yes, Dick."

"To hell with that stuff," he said, seizing her hands and holding them tight. "You don't get away from me so easily. For most of this trip across I thought I hated you. And when I quarreled with you, I meant it. Oh, I'll take the rings. I'm used to getting them back. But this time I'm going to throw them in the river. I'll never let any girl make a sap of me again."

He took a long look at her.

"So we say good-by like this?"

"Yes, Dick. Good-by."

"You awful little liar!" he cried. "You're never going to say good-by to me again while I live." He pulled her close to him, and kissed her; and she cried and laughed, and clung to him.

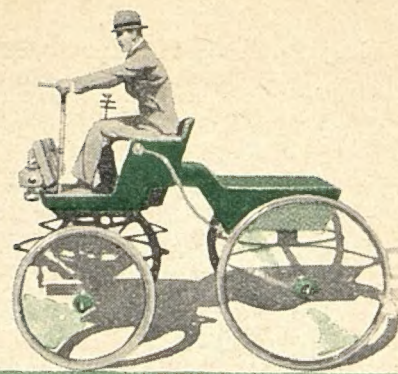
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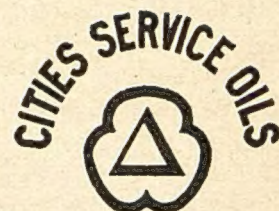
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